THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

Vol. LVII. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 Sansom Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1878. $2.00 a Year in Advance. With Double Premium. No. 49.

SEA ANEMONES.

BY MRS. MARY E. HAIL.

Anemones! Anemones!
Purple, white and red,
Dreaming love's enchanted dream
In your golden bed;
Memory bears me back again
To your fragrance sweet,
Where the cool waves of the sea
Danced beside my feet.

Anemones! Anemones!
Tell me, can it be
We shall ever meet again
Close beside the sea?
Where the breakers grandly rise,
Towering mountain high,
While the silver-crested foam
Drapes the azure sky.

Blessed hours when love and I
Wandered hand in hand,
And the ocean seemed to be
Love's immortal land.
Listen to the trembling sea's
Sacred monotone,
Thus my lover said to me:
"Will you be my own?"

While the answer of my soul
Blushing lips concealed;
Quick the throbbing of my heart
Loving words revealed.
Voice of love is still the same,
Though it silent be;
Thus my raptured heart confessed
'Twas no longer free.

Anemones! Anemones!
Purple, white and red,
Dream for other lovers now,
In your golden bed.
While you close your tearful eyes,
Dreaming life away,
Other lovers by the sea
Roam love's land to-day.

ON DANGEROUS GROUND:

—OR—

AGATHA'S FRIENDSHIP

A Romance of American Society.

BY MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE.

"It is from the great book of Nature, the same through a thousand editions, whether of black-letter or wire-wove and hot-pressed, that I have venturously essayed to read a chapter to the public."

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

"By no means. I am no hypocrite, nor am I more severe upon the failings of others than upon my own. I bestow upon all who need it the charity that I require myself, which no rigidly virtuous person, in the sense I use the words, ever does. No, I belong to the humanely virtuous class. Do you remember that old French colonel who used to regale us with his affairs of the heart, and how cleverly he put the case for Madame Recamier?"

"Yes, and I remember how you 'brought the house down' one night in Merryvale's tent, by saying that no man believed in Platonic love excepting querulous old men like Chateaubriand, who were too old to be capable of any other. You hit the old fellow hard, for he prided himself upon his love affairs."

"He used to quote, 'Love knows no difference between May and December;' but the truth is, there is more of the ludicrous than the heroic to me in the loves of the children of men who have turned forty."

"Spare me," said Colonel Potten. "Not that I intend to make a dolt of myself at present, but may I be shot if I do not believe I am capable of a stronger passion at my age than I ever was before, and I have passed forty. Did you find the little woman more gracious to-day that you came home in such high spirits?"

"Well, I have no reason to be discouraged; at the same time I cannot say much as to my success. I dare say I should not have gained an iota, however, if I had not changed my tactics, and threatened to drown myself out of sheer despair at her prolonged coldness."

"You do not tell me that she was deluded by such a worn out ruse."

"It was no ruse. I was so much in earnest, that I felt just in the mood for doing it. I generally am in earnest at the time, whatever I may say; it is the only way to carry conviction with you. But then no weather vane ever changed more frequently than I change my intentions."

"No, and your loves also. I pity the woman you marry."

"Keep your pity, my friend, for me, when I become such a fool as to marry. How any man in his senses can tie himself to one woman—not that I mean confine himself to one—but how he can bind himself to confer upon any woman the privilege of calling him to account for all his intrigues and affairs with others, is more than I can comprehend."

"You would marry Mrs. Tracey to-morrow, if she were free to marry you."

"Would I? I would see her in heaven first."

"Then you are a colder-blooded wretch than I thought."

"On the contrary, it is just because I am not cold-blooded, that I would spare her the fate of being so miserable as I should be sure to make any woman who was my wife. But I will tell you what I would do if I were a rich man. I would run away with her, if I could persuade her to an elopement; and she is the first woman I have ever seen for whom I have had such a temptation as that."

"While you are my guest, I expect you to conduct yourself like a gentleman, and not like a scoundrel," said Colonel Potten, emphasising the last word.

"I assure you I am obliged to do so. I cannot afford to be a scoundrel, although, between you and me and our Maker, I believe in His sight that man is the greater scoundrel of the two who—— But never mind what I believe, I shall not forget the duty that I owe to society and its eleventh commandment." He spoke seriously now, adding after a moment's pause, "If we had met before she was a married woman, and I had possessed an income sufficient to marry upon, then it might have been a question of marriage between us; but as it is, there is no possibility of that now, and there never will be. If she wished for a divorce, she could not get one. Her husband is perfectly true to her; he is in no way tyrannical, he is even indulgent. She could not plead incompatability of temper, since they never disagree; but I ask you, what hell could be worse for a heart throbbing with warmth and life than to find itself chained to a cold and pulseless one—a living body bound to a corpse!"

"Mrs. Tracey has evidently taken you into her confidence. I think those are matters that should be held sacred between husband and wife."

"Mrs. Tracey has never even alluded to any of her experiences to me. I know only what I have seen for myself, and what all the world knows—that she is an unloved wife."

"And I," answered Colonel Potten, "have had occasion to remark before that all the world generally knows more about us than we know ourselves. I dare say if Mr. Tracey were informed of the existing state of things between himself and Mrs. Tracey, as represented, he would feel pretty much as a man would feel who without any previous warning sees a bomb-shell drop through his roof. I do not credit the fictions that are always in circulation concerning persons of any social consequence whatever. Tracey has the misfortune to be both handsome and rich, as well as talented. His wife is as wonderfully gifted in song as in beauty; the women cannot forgive her that their husbands and lovers find her so attractive, and hence they take their revenge by gossiping about her. This is my explanation of the reports that every now and then reach me. I confess, however, that were I in his place I would let literature go to the dogs, and look after my wife a little more. There is nothing more dangerous to a woman's peace of mind than to feel herself neglected, and to find sympathy in one whose tastes are congenial to her own. You are both passionately fond of music, Tracey is most certainly entirely absorbed in his translation just now, or he would see the danger of throwing his wife into such constant and close companionship with a man who is said to be unprincipled in all his affairs with women."

"Come, be fair with me; don't believe what the world says of me, because I am unfortunately the envy of my sex. Have you ever known me to behave dishonorably towards any woman?"

"No, I never have. The greatest fault that you possess in my eyes is that you talk too much about your affairs. Not that you ever reveal anything which honor bids you to conceal; but according to my ideas, if a man has any affair in hand, the woman's name should never pass his lips; and when it is ended, he should never allude to her but in praise."

"That would depend upon how it ended, according to my way of thinking," said Howard, with a meaning laugh; "and certainly, if you avoid mentioning a woman's name whom you have been in the habit of commenting upon, no better ground for suspicion could be given, I am sure. By the way, I heard this morning that Mrs. Rivers' dinner is to be given for Miss Penn, with whom I had that flirtation last year. I hear also that Mrs. Rivers is trying to bring about a match between her nephew Atherton and this young lady. Think of handing over a girl of such talents as she possesses to a half-witted chimpanzee like Atherton. Ugh! it gives one a chill."

"It is a lucky thing that you spoke of the dinner. I had entirely forgotten it. The couple will be around in an hour, which is as short a time, I fancy, as an exquisite like yourself could get himself up for a dinner."

"Hang five o'clock dinners; one can never get up any appetite so early in the day," was Howard's only answer as he left the room.

CHAPTER VII.

MISS PENN FINDS TWO STRINGS TO HER BOW.

Coquetry whets the appetite; flirtation stupefies it. Coquetry is the thorn that guards the rose—easily trimmed off when once plucked. Flirtation is like the slime on water plants, making them hard to handle, and when secured, only to be cherished in slimy waters.

At a quarter before five the coupe was at the door. It was fully a fifteen minutes' drive, and Colonel Potten was too well-bred a man not to time it so as to arrive on the stroke of the hour designated. In another quarter of an hour the invited guests were all assembled, and dinner was announced. It now became evident that the dinner was not given for Miss Penn, but for Mrs. Mordaunt, of Boston, who was staying with the family, as she was taken out by Mr. Rivers and was seated upon his right. Carroll Tracey, by virtue of his literary reputation, had the honor of taking his hostess into the dining-room, and on his right was a Miss Lennox, of New York, who had dabbled in literature as an amateur, and not unsuccessfully. If Colonel Potten was as well pleased to be also seated next to Miss Lennox as she was to have him so seated, the success of the dinner, as far as they were concerned, was assured; for she had never quite recovered from a certain weakness which she had for him in the earliest days of her maidenhood. Paul Howard was well satisfied with his seat at the table, for fate (or Mrs. Rivers) had placed him between Mrs. Carroll Tracey and Miss Latimer, a niece of the host, who was sprightly and pretty, as well as an old acquaintance. If congenial, such qualifications go far towards insuring a pleasant time at a dinner, whereas, if one finds himself or herself seated next to an entire stranger, one is apt to feel like a second Columbus starting out upon an unknown voyage. The dinner party was not a large one. The young lady previously spoken of, Miss Penn of Philadelphia, who was neither pretty nor plain, having made an equally narrow escape from either of those extremes, was seated between Mr. Jenkins, a New York swell, whose resemblance to 'Count Fosco' was so striking that he often went by that name, and Mr. Atherton, a wealthy Boston bachelor, whom rumor had fixed upon as a suitor for Miss Penn's hand. Miss Penn was rusticating with a widowed aunt (who never appeared in society) after a summer of gaiety at Sharon and Long Branch, where, despite her being no beauty, she had been called the belle of the season. This was a sufficient reason for Mr. Jenkins to play the part of a devoted lover, for his devotions were always reserved for belles, both married and single. Miss Penn, thus finding herself between two fires, set herself to work to make the most of each of them.

"How lovely in Mrs. Rivers to have given me this seat!" she said to Mr. Atherton, looking up into his face, her blue eyes full of the tender sentiment, he thought, as he returned the glance, and gave free expression to his approbation of Mrs. Rivers' arrangement of her guests; but dinner was not half over before she had said to Jenkins with a sigh of weariness:

"What am I to do with this bore? Take compassion upon me, I beg of you, and do not leave me to his mercies, which are tenderer than this *filet* even, tender as it is. I hope that you are not a worshipper at the shrine of Saint Agatha, and that Mr. Bartholomew is; for then he will monopolise her, and you will have to devote yourself to me, or to your dinner. If I know you, you are quite capable of doing both."

Mr. Jenkins looked very solemn; that is to say, as much so as a man with so very round a face and rotund a figure could look.

"Did you ever know of a man in love having any appetite for his dinner?" he said.

"How charming! Are you really in love? How good in you to make me your *confidente!* Some married woman, I dare say: as it has quite gone out of fashion for young men to fall in love with unmarried ones."

"She is not married yet; but rumor says that she soon will be;" and having given utterance to these words he drew a long sigh, and looked so meaningly into Miss Penn's eyes that she was not left in doubt as to the one he wished her to think was the object of his concealed passion.

"True love never did run smooth, you know; there must be anxieties and crosses, and all sorts of perplexities, but if it be true love, and those who indulge in it are true to themselves, it is quite sure to come out right in the end, is it not?" Miss Penn looked artlessly unconscious and sympathetic as she said these words.

"Ah, but when the love is all on one side, how then?"

"But love begets love, you know. There is no disease in the world so contagious as love, I fancy."

"I wish I could think so, but my experience has been that while some natures are quick to take infection, others remain proof against it, no matter how often they are exposed."

"Then, when such natures do yield to the contagion, I dare say there would be a life and death struggle. I am thankful I do not belong to that class, for I have always taken contagious diseases so readily, that I have just as easily gotten over everything, from whooping-cough to scarlet fever." Miss Penn's arch smile seemed to mock the pathetic eyes that Mr. Jenkins had fastened upon her. "*Apropos de bottes,*" she continued, "how did Miss Lee acquire the name of Saint Agatha?"

"I assure you the question is quite *a propos;* it is just because she has escaped all contagion that it has been given to her. I cannot go into particulars now, as we should be sure to be overheard; but she is one of the most unimpressionable of beings, and I fancy some one of her numerous rejected lovers has given her that name. Certainly, I would as soon think of making love to a saint as to her, so cold and unsympathetic have I always found her."

"Are you in the habit of making love to old maids?" asked Miss Penn, who, scarcely eighteen, looked upon Agatha as already belonging to the sisterhood.

"Not when younger maidens are within reach, though when a man finds a woman congenial, he does not always stop to look up family records and get at her age, does he?"

"But he ought to, if he has any serious intentions: for of all pitiable things, I think the most pitiable is to see a young man so in love with a woman very much older than himself that he is willing to ignore all such difference and marry her. He brands himself with the words 'taken in;' and no matter how agreeable, how attractive he may be, or how noble a character he may have, he is regarded as an object of pity, and will be so long as the woman lives. Any woman who really and truly loved a man, and had the sense to know how such marriages always end, would never accept such a sacrifice."

"You speak warmly and feelingly."

"I have reason so to speak. My brother married a woman old enough to be his mother, and insists upon it that love is no respecter of age as well as no respecter of persons. When his infatuation is over, he will awaken to the inevitable consequences."

At this moment Mr. Atherton, who had become restive under the absence of all attention, ventured to remind Miss Penn of his existence, by asking when she expected to return home.

"I have no expectations for the future; I live only in the present," she answered; a little dash of impatience at the interruption manifest in her voice. "I am in no hurry to return, I can assure you."

"I am very glad to hear that, as it gives me the hope that you are not very much attached to Philadelphia as a place of residence," remarked Mr. Atherton, looking thoroughly frightened at his own boldness when the words had escaped him.

"I am not very much attached to any place of residence. I often wish I had been born a gipsy, for then I could have gratified my roving propensities."

"But surely one need not be born a gipsy in order to do that. Don't you think you would like to live in Boston?"

"I am sure I should, if for no other reason than that its noble old commons would make such a charming place for a gipsy encampment."

"Don't you think you would like to live in New York as well?" asked Mr. Jenkins. "There is room in the park for several gipsy encampments."

"Ah, New York is the Garden of Eden," said Miss Penn enthusiastically.

"That is refreshing, as all original ideas are. I have heard it called Sodom, but never the Garden of Eden before."

"New York the Garden of Eden!" said Miss Lennox, who was *vis-a-vis.* "Pray tell me, Mr. Jenkins, if you know one striking difference that exists between New York and the Garden of Eden?"

"Is that a conundrum? because if it is I give it up. I never guessed a conundrum in my life," he answered. "Pray enlighten me."

"Willingly. In the Garden of Eden there was only one Adam, one Eve, and one serpent; and in New York there is no end of Adams, Eves, and serpents."

"I don't see it. 'Pon my honor I do not. Who dresses in fig-leaves now? What man complains, or tells, if a woman does tempt him in these days? As for serpents, out of Barnum's museum you surely could not find a serpent in all New York," answered Mr. Jenkins.

"Rather trespassing on your grounds, Miss Lee," remarked Colonel Potten to Agatha.

"My grounds are public property; they belong to the age," she answered.

Miss Penn had already said:

"I will qualify my words. I mean that New York is a paradise; and I am sure mortals are excusable if, like myself, they all wish to live in Paradise."

Mr. Atherton, whose face had brightened when Miss Penn had spoken so rapturously of Boston, was looking rather desponding again, as he mentally reviewed Mr. Jenkins' chances in contrast with his own. Still he determined it should not be his fault if Boston were not properly appreciated, and at the first lull in the conversation, which had suddenly become general, he said: "Boston has many advantages over New York, one of which is that its society is infinitely more select. I think you would like life there even better, if you were once to try it. There are all sorts of entertainments; balls at Papanti's, as well as those at private houses, dinners and receptions, charade parties, musicals, private theatricals, lectures, and——"

"Spare, oh spare me the lectures!" exclaimed Miss Penn, interrupting the catalogue. "There is no end of lectures in Philadelphia, although I never attend them, for I get quite as many as I am able to endure at home; but, Mr. Atherton, when I go to Boston I shall certainly engage you as a cicerone for everything but the lectures."

Perfectly oblivious of the twinkle in Miss Penn's eyes, Mr. Atherton answered, "If you would only remember that promise, what pleasure it would give me to show you my capabilities in that line! Our drives, too! we have splendid roads to bowl over; I hope you like both riding and driving, Miss Penn."

"I know of nothing that I enjoy more, unless it be dancing. What a pity you do not dance, Mr. Atherton! But I dare say Boston men are too dignified. Their brains do not lie in their heels, as those of New York men are said to do."

Mr. Atherton's small, weak face expanded with the radiance that illuminated it at these words. He evidently considered his star in the ascendant.

"I think we prefer the manlier sports of shooting and yachting," he answered gravely, never doubting that Miss Penn was serious.

"But one cannot shoot, and yacht, and drive all the time; and dancing comes in when all else in the way of amusement fails one. Now, here is Mr. Jenkins, who waltzes like a dream, and he will tell you that in the present state of society no other accomplishment goes so far. You must learn to dance, Mr. Atherton."

"I shall learn; oh, yes, I certainly shall learn; that is if I can;" suddenly remembering former attempts, in which he had not succeeded brilliantly, owing to deficiencies both in time and tune, phrenologically speaking. "But my yacht and my horses have afforded me more pleasure than ball room dissipations thus far in my life."

"How cruel you are to devote yourself to that *roi-au-vent* after such an absorbing fashion!" said Miss Penn, addressing Mr. Jenkins with one of her appealing looks for succor.

"Appearances are frequently deceptive," he replied. "My mind was not upon the *roi-au-vent,* if it appeared to be. Not a word has escaped me, and my heart has been torn with anxiety as I have listened. There is not a shadow of a chance for a man like myself, whose 'brains lie in his heels,' and who possesses but the one accomplishment of dancing, against one who owns a yacht, horses, a house in Boston, and whose services as *valet de place* are, from his own account, invaluable." This was said *sotto voce.*

"I did not say you possessed but one accomplishment, Mr. Jenkins; you go too far and too fast, like all New Yorkers. I am quite sure that, although you may be envied by many for your consummate skill in dancing, there are far more who envy you for another accomplishment that you possess, and which is in itself a sufficient proof that your brains are where they ought to be."

"I am lost in conjectures as to what other accomplishments I have. I assure you that I know of no other. My education was sadly neglected; I am not a good horseman; I can't even row a boat, to say nothing of sailing one. There is no chance for me, and I feel myself growing desperate with the knowledge."

"Do you rate your conversational powers at zero? Others do not if you do. I would rather have for a companion a man who could amuse and interest me, than one possessing a category of accomplishments as long as Mr. Atherton's pedigree, if he displayed his gifts to the wearying of all those who came within his reach, as men with accomplishments so often do. I wonder, by the way, that our friend has not yet touched upon his hobby." The last sentence was said in such a low tone that Mr. Atherton could not possibly have heard it, but, as if in reply to Miss Penn's remark, he said at this moment:

"I think your name is an historical one, Miss Penn, is it not?"

"We are not related to the Penns to whom you refer. My grandfather was a very plain old gentleman, who used to say that he had never had any distinguished relations; but I think, had you ever seen him, you would have agreed with me in thinking that he did not need any to support his claims to consideration." Then turning to Mr. Jenkins, she said: "Never say that you have no accomplishments; remember Dickens's Uriah, and do not be too humble."

Meantime others had taken up the merits and demerits of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia society; and Miss Lennox had declared that in a recent visit to the latter city she had found private theatricals to be the principal amusement of the *beau monde* in public; and in private, that of discussing the affairs of their neighbors.

"How exciting life in Philadelphia must be!" said Colonel Potten. "I wonder you do not go over for a winter, Bartholomew; you are so fond of excitement."

"I had enough of it one summer at that Hotel at Long Branch, where the elect of the Quaker City congregate; but I owe a debt of gratitude to a charming little woman, who saved me from dying, and so I cherish grateful recollections of Philadelphia."

"What was your disease?" asked Mr. Atherton, with an expression of the deepest interest.

"Stupidity."

"The charming little nurse, who was she? Some pretty young widow, I daresay," said Colonel Potten.

"No, not a widow; but she would have been better off if she had been, for her husband, who was old enough to be her father, was a *mauvais sujet.*"

"But would you have been better off? That is of more interest to us," asked Paul Howard.

"That must be 'of wine that you are drinking, Howard. Take my advice, and let it be your last glass," he answered. "I was going to narrate——"

"Listen! Mr. Bartholomew is going to give us the particulars of his affair. I am sure they will be worth hearing."

"I am not in the habit of talking of my affairs when I have any," answered Mr. Bartholomew, rather pointedly; "but in this instance there was no 'affair.'"

"Mr. Atherton, you seem to be in the clouds," said Mrs. Rivers, after making several ineffectual attempts to engage him in the animated conversation which those of her guests who were seated on the other side of her were indulging in; while Mr. Rivers, at his end of the table, was holding forth in rather an oratorical style, with his nearest neighbors as listeners, occasionally bespeaking the attention of others by some remark addressed to them.

Mr. Atherton protested that he was not in the clouds, and made amends for his remissness in bestowing his undivided attention upon Mrs. Rivers, which left Miss Penn at liberty to be as devoted as she chose to Mr. Jenkins.

"I maintain," said Mr. Rivers, his voice rising to still higher tones, "That it is no honor to be sent to Congress in these days, and I leave it to you, Colonel Potten, if you were in Washington during the session, and a Congressman were to call upon you in your apartment, would you not lock your bureau drawers and your trunks before leaving him, in case you should be called out of the room during his visit?"

"I am not prepared to assent to that exactly; but I agree with the diplomatist who said, 'Go out into the world, my son, and see what fools it is governed by,'" answered the Colonel. "You remember, perhaps, that some one of our statesmen was once taken by a celebrated Englishman to Eton, where the boys were made to pass in review before them. 'Fine fellows!' said the American. 'Yes,' answered his friend, 'but how pitiable to think they are to grow up into paltry members of Parliament.'"

"I'll wager my head that Mr. Rivers has been up for Congress and been defeated," whispered Mr. Jenkins to Miss Penn.

"Make it your heart instead of your head, and I'll accept the wager; but, seriously speaking, is that the way men do? I had no idea they were so much like women."

Mr. Jenkins's reply brought such a tender light into Miss Penn's eyes as to betray that it was something very gallant.

Mr. Rivers continued, as if in evidence against the truth of Mr. Jenkins's assertion, "There is no office in the gift of the United States that I would hold, not even that of President."

"Possibly you might be induced to reconsider that resolution, as Governor Jones was; for I heard him say that he would not accept the nomination before it was made," said Colonel Potten.

"He only did accept it out of the purest patriotism," replied Mr. Rivers. "It was not for his interest, for he gave up a lucrative business at the demand of his State, feeling that his services were needed."

"Or the demand of his wife—which was it? Possibly she may have been more patriotic than her husband. I have heard that, although the Governor is fond of horses, and likes to hold the reins in his own hands, it is his wife that tells him which way to drive."

"Your remark, Colonel Potten, illustrates my meaning. Mrs. Jones has been publicly denounced as a virago, and no wife was ever less of one than she. I said I would not be the President, and this is just why I would not hold any office; everyone feels privileged to gossip privately about people who hold prominent positions; but as long as they are only private citizens, their wives are free from newspaper attacks. Let them accept an office, and every editor who possesses the nature of a blackguard can disgrace his columns with assaults upon those who are dearer to a man than his own life; sowing broadcast falsehoods concerning them, which the rabble is but too glad to believe. Take my word for it, the Governor not only holds the reins, but he drives whatever road he wishes. Whenever I find anyone attacked in a public journal, I am always reminded of a remark made by a friend of mine: 'Let those who wish to escape censure and abuse, take some back road,' said he, 'for they can't travel the main turnpike and escape it.'"

"I think Mrs. Jones might be reconciled to calumnies under the circumstances of her position," said Mr. Tracey. "Besides, calumnies never stick where there is nothing for them to rest upon; they are blown away by the first breeze. Society must have its dish of gossip flavored with piquant sauce, and it is a consolation to those who are thus served up to know that it is not only persons of importance whose private affairs can be supposed to have any interest for the public."

"Very true," replied Mr. Rivers. "I remember hearing a story told of Mr. Bennett and some politician, which is to the point. The latter entered the office with eyes flashing indignation and demanded satisfaction for a column and a half of abuse that the Herald of the previous day contained concerning him. 'A column and a half,' echoed Mr. Bennett, 'Why, sir, it is a proud man you ought to be this day: there are but few men in New York that my paper would devote a column and a half of space to.'"

"I daresay the politician went away quite pacified," answered Mr. Tracey, "though it is always easier to exercise philosophy in behalf of others than where one's own self is concerned. You know Swift said, that he had never known a man who did not enjoy the misfortunes of his friends, or at least bear them with calmness; but a little virtuous indignation felt on behalf of others, instead of enjoyment of their discomfiture, would often save a repetition of the same experience for ourselves, I have no doubt."

"Really, Mr. Tracey, you will not often find such an opportune moment to put all your fine sentiments into use," said Miss Penn. "Here's Mr. Jenkins pointing his morals and adorning his tales with no end of illustrations at my expense, or rather, at the expense of the morals of the city of my birth. Have neither you nor Mr. Rivers one word to say in my behalf?"

"All that I can say, and I regret to say it," answered Mr. Tracey, "is, that if all I heard of the morals of society in the Quaker City the year that I resided there, be true, it has no morals to speak of."

Here Mr. Rivers interposed, feeling it to be his duty to say a few words in behalf of the home of one of his guests, and he remarked: "Without doubt Philadelphia

must be a very moral city, as the Quaker element so preponderates there. Which city do you suppose to be the most moral, Colonel Potten—New York, Boston, or Philadelphia?"

"I suppose human nature to be the same everywhere, or as a friend of mine once expressed it, man is pretty much the same scoundrel now that he was three thousand years ago, in the days of the patriarchs. In Boston married people call their flirtations 'affinities,' and talk of 'a higher law;' in New York they do as they choose without making any excuses or explanations. I do not know much about Philadelphia, but if the people walk any straighter there, I daresay it is because their streets are so straight that they are compelled to; or, in other words, because everyone there knows what everyone else is doing."

"What an inconvenient city to live in!" remarked Mr. Jenkins. "Do you endorse Colonel Potten's opinion, Miss Penn?"

"I go farther, and say that persons there not only know what everyone else is doing, but they know more about us than we know about ourselves. I could not begin to tell you how many times they have announced my engagement, although I assure you, confidentially, there is not a man there whom I would promise to marry even in sport!"

"Promise to marry in sport! Is that one of the amusements of Philadelphians? How very naughty of you!" said Mr. Jenkins, while Mr. Atherton found courage to whisper: "As I am not a Philadelphian, won't you promise me, even if it is only in sport?"

"Certainly, upon one condition," she answered gaily.

"And what is that condition? Do not make it too hard for me, I beg of you;" and Mr. Atherton looking quite elated at the progress he was making.

"Oh, a very simple one, namely, that you will wait until I am ready to be married, and that if I see anyone in the meantime whom I like better, that you will let me break the engagement."

"Ah, but I hold you to your word; you said one condition, and now you wish to make it two. No, I accept the first, I will wait until you are ready to be married, but I cannot promise to let you off under any circumstances," he said, still speaking in very low tones.

They were all rising from the dinner table, when Mr. Atherton whispered to Mrs. Rivers, "You can announce my engagement. Miss Penn has promised to marry me."

"Really you surprise me. Well, I congratulate you with all my heart. You have secured the belle of the season."

"Secured" was a bold word to use concerning Miss Penn; but Mrs. Rivers never doubted that Mr. Atherton had spoken sincerely, and that his sixty thousand a year had proved irresistible, even with the owner as an incumbrance.

"Mr. Atherton has given me permission to announce his engagement," she said to Miss Penn, as they were taking their coffee in the drawing-room.

Miss Penn replied, "If you announce it you must be sure to mention the fact that he is only half engaged."

"Only half engaged! how can that be?" asked Mrs. Rivers.

"Why, if he is engaged, I am not! Certainly out of that you cannot make more than half an engagement."

Notwithstanding Miss Penn's contradiction, the rumor took wings, as rumors have a way of doing, much to her amusement at first; then to her annoyance for a time; but in the end, apparently to her entire satisfaction; for on her return to Philadelphia, she no longer denied the engagement, but received the congratulations of her friends with a smiling face, and was soon so engrossed with shopping and dress-makers as to make the inference a highly probable one that the marriage would not be long deferred. It was reported that her mamma had said to more than one person, "You see what perseverance will accomplish! Anna refused Mr. Atherton over and over again, but she has taken him at last." And rumor also said that Miss Penn would not have taken him, rich as he was, had not her mamma pleaded in his behalf, at the same time that her hopes in another quarter were extinguished; for Mr. Jenkins did not follow her to her home as he had promised to do; and from more than one of her New York acquaintances she heard that he had become infatuated with a Cuban belle whose fortune equalled her beauty.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHALVA.—*Chalva* in Turkish means a cake, but it has come in the Sultan's territories to designate a party at which that dainty is eaten, just as we say "tea" for "tea-party" in England. When a Turkish lady gives a *chalva*, her husband is perforce excluded from the harlem while the strange women are in the house. These guests begin to arrive toward six, accompanied by their maid-servants and negroes carrying lanterns and bringing their children with them. Closely muffled, they divest themselves of their burnouses and babouches in an ante room, and put on delicate satin slippers which they have brought with them in bags. The reception-rooms are brilliantly lighted up with pink wax-candles and scented with fragrant pastilles. There is no kissing or hand shaking between the hostess and her guests; but each lady as she comes in lifts her hand gracefully to her heart, her lips, and her brow, which means, "I am devoted to you with heart, mouth, and mind." This mode of salutation when smilingly performed is very pretty. The greetings being ended, the company betake themselves to the divans and carpets, while the children go off all together to be regaled and to romp in some other room. Cigarettes, coffee, and sweetmeats are handed round; and, while these things are being discussed, the ladies are bound to pay one another compliments about their respective dresses, which are sure to be most sumptuous, and indeed sometimes worth a fortune. When the evening has been more or less agreeably spent amid these pastimes and conversation, it is the lady of the house who gives the signal for her guest to retire. This she does by clapping her hands and exclaiming, "*Chalva yel*"—*i. e.*, "Bring in the cake." At once the maid-servants hurry off to fetch the delicacy, and soon a very aromatic, creamy, and spongy pudding is produced—which having been honored as it deserves, silver basins full of rose-water are carried in for the guests to wash their hands withal; and then the party is at an end.

THE OLDEST PAINTING.—The oldest existing painting in Europe is a Madonna and Child, painted 886. The oldest known paintings in England are a portrait of the poet Chaucer, painted on a panel about 1390, and a portrait of Henry IV. in 1405.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Spring ruled in earth and air;
The breeze was soft and scented with the flowers;
"Come, let us walk, ere day away doth wear,"
—My friend said suddenly, 'mid studious hours—
"Whither I do not care!"
Together forth we set;
He led me far along the river way
All blue with flowers that whisper "me'er forget,"
And, when I spoke of turning, answered "Nay,
A little further yet."

Amid the meadows green
A farm-house nestled; "'Tis not very far—"
My friend persuaded—"if you have not been,
I'll take you; on a farm the chances are
There's something to be seen."

Once there, my friend delayed;
And I, half-piqued, could see his glance go round
Until it rested on a lingering maid,
Who looked at him, and then upon the ground,
And then retreated, coyed.

Homeward our steps we turned;
"And who's the damsel?" quoth I; and he—
"Why, nobody," and looked with eyes that yearned
Toward where, above us in immensity,
Love's planet faintly burned.

THE BULLFINCH.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

That evening Mr. Kamm presented himself at the residence of Mrs. Sculpin, Grace's mother. Mrs. Sculpin was an obese old lady, whose great solace in life consisted in reminiscences of a deceased husband, who, she said, was a lieutenant in the English Navy, and had been eaten by savages on the coast of Madagascar. There were envious persons who maintained that the deceased Sculpin had been a licensed victualler in Liverpool, and had never seen more of the sea than the Mersey presented in the form of mud, but however that may be, Mrs. Sculpin cherished her naval reminiscences, and accorded to the gallant lieutenant virtues, talents, and a station in society of the most exalted character.

Grace was at the theatre when Kamm arrived at the old lady's house, so that the lieutenant's widow and the boot-maker had the field to themselves. Mrs. Sculpin produced some ale and cigars, and the matrimonial trenches were opened.

Mrs. Sculpin was lofty in proportion as Kamm was humble.

"You see, Mr. Kamm," she said on the subject of marriage, "we can't always forget the past. I'm sure I'm not in the least proud whatsomever, although we have had rank in our family, Mr. Kamm, and many's the day that I've seen my poor dear husband in his white trowsers and goold epaulettes, walking arm in arm with admirals, as familiar with them as if he was a crowned king."

Kamm bent his head as if overcome with the magnificence of this reminiscence, and the condescension that deigned to recall it in his presence.

"Owing to succumstances, Mr. Kamm, we have been obleeged to do things that was beneath us. We was obleeged to dance, sir, to dance on the boords of a public theayter, the which stage I never sees but I'm forcibly reminded of the deck of the beautiful ship which my husband commanded, with all the seams running side by side, and the sailors a-touching their hats to him as respectful as men ever was."

"I'm sure it must have been a fine sight," said the poor boot-maker faintly, while Mrs. Sculpin squared her old head as if she felt a cocked hat adorning her rusty brown wig.

"Far be it from me to discourage honest industry, Mr. Kamm; I hope I knows my duty to my country's flag too well to do that; but still you must allow that in point of rank you are no match for us. Grace likes you very much, Mr. Kamm, and I think you a young man of excellent character, but you see——"

"Mrs. Sculpin, madam," here broke in Kamm, with his fine, honest face all aglow with emotion, "I love Grace and you know she loves me. I'm but a poor boot-maker, but it doesn't follow that I myself am made of leather. I am tolerably comfortable. I have a good custom, and have a nice sum in the savings bank. I can make your daughter happy; and when we are married I'll take a handsome store in Broadway and become a fashionable boot-maker, and rise in the world. Now, ma'am, may I marry your daughter, yes or no?"

This dashing attack rather upset the pompous old woman, who was very glad to get Grace so well married, but wanted at the same time to air her importance. Kamm was getting impatient at the eternal lieutenant nor did he like to be constantly kicked with his own boots. Mrs. Sculpin, therefore, leaned back on her chair, feeling that her cocked hat had been somewhat shoved over her eyes.

"Reelly you're so suddint in your ways, Mr. Kamm. Consider the feeling of a parient, sir, and the respect we owe to the memory of the lieutenant, who was as proud a man as ever stepped, and whom I've seen many and many a time going to coort in his uniform, and there wasn't—though I say it—a handsomer man in——"

"Mrs. Sculpin, will you say yes or no? I'm a plain man, and I want a plain answer. If I'm too low for you, say so, and let me go; if not, say so, and let me stay. Now come to the point."

The poor commodore found herself beaten. Cocked hat, epaulettes, were all gone. So she determined to surrender, but still resolved to make a scene of it. She accordingly, to Kamm's consternation, suddenly burst into tears, and flung herself into his arms, sobbing violently.

"Take her, Kamm. You don't know my feelings. You don't know what she has been to me. And it is my prayer that her father may look down upon her from heaven and guide her for the best, for he was always looked on as one of the best officers in the service, and no one that saw him in uniform could doubt it."

After this outburst she kissed Kamm, and brought in another jug of ale, over which it was arranged that the marriage should take place immediately, provided Grace consented; after which Kamm set off for the theatre for the double purpose of taking a pair of new boots to Mr. Belvidere, and seeing Grace home after the performance.

It was not long before Mr. Kamm arrived at the stage-door of the theatre, bearing in his hand a bag containing the great Belvidere's boots.

Kamm proceeded to Belvidere's dressing room; but not finding that great artist, sauntered on the stage and looked about him.

The stage was very large and full of all sorts of odd nooks and corners, shadowy recesses where one might expect to see the ghosts of deceased dramatists flitting with indignant gesturing at the slaughtering of their plays. Kamm was passing one of those dusty corners, when he thought he heard a voice that he recognized. He stopped involuntarily and listened. It was Grace who was speaking.

"Mr. Belvidere, I wish you wouldn't speak so, sir. It's wrong of you, sir, indeed it is."

"But I swear to you, Grace, that I am in earnest. I declare that since you have come to the theatre I have thought only of you. You will not be cruel enough to refuse me the small favor of seeing you home this evening after the play; my carriage will be at the door, and——"

"Indeed, sir, I cannot. My mother always comes for me, and I would rather go home with her than any one else."

"Confound your mother," Kamm heard Belvidere mutter; then he continued: "Then I swear, Grace, that you must give me a kiss; one little one; only one. Come, now, don't be foolish."

"Stop, stop, sir! I'll shriek. It's ungentlemanly of you. Mr. Belvidere, let me go."

Then came the sound of a struggle, and a scraping of feet on the boards; when a shadowy figure appeared in the dusky recess and seized Belvidere by the throat."

"Come out here, you scoundrel," cried Kamm, dragging the comedian out into the broad gas light, and holding him at arm's length. "I'll teach you to set your rascally traps for a young girl that's innocent as the angels," and he gave the comedian a good shaking.

Now, Mr. Belvidere was not at all deficient in what is called pluck, so the moment he got an opportunity he dealt Kamm a tremendous blow on the peak of the jaw, which sent him flying back against a scene. "You infernal cobbler," he said, "take that."

Kamm took it, but unfortunately for Belvidere he was not satisfied with it, and finding that the comedian was a bruiser, the shoemaker being an excellent gymnast, suddenly betook himself to that terrible mode of fighting called the *savate*. Accordingly, while Belvidere was in the most approved attitude for resisting an attack with the fists, he was suddenly kicked by Kamm in the face with both feet, and before he could recover he received a third similar application in the region of the wind which laid him helpless on his back, with gasping mouth, and wondering how the deuce the thing was done.

This accomplished, Kamm turned to where poor Grace was cowering against a wing, white and trembling with terror, and saying to her, "Grace, you shan't dance here to-night," tucked her tremulous arm under his, and made his way through the crowd of gaping supers, who made way with great alacrity for a man who could box with his feet as well as his hands. Grace had not yet donned her theatre dress, and so he bore her straight home to her mother, where, the moment she was safely housed, she burst into a fit of hysterical tears.

Mrs. Sculpin's indignation was of course majestic, when the affair was related to her. That the daughter of the lieutenant, who was familiar with admirals, and on whom some of the bullion of his epaulettes may be supposed to have descended, should have been outraged by a mere actor like Belvidere, was incredible.

I think that at first the old lady contemplated having the offending comedian lashed to a grating and given nine dozen by a boatswain's mate; but toward the latter end of the evening, under the influence of ale, she mitigated the punishment to a court martial, of which I have no doubt she intended being president.

As soon as Grace's hysterics were over, our friend the boot-maker applied himself to the task of convincing the young *damsel* that a speedy marriage was absolutely necessary to the well-being of the nation.

After a long sitting, in which a rapid ceremony was finally agreed upon, Kamm took his departure and reached his little shop, where he found Bully with his head immersed in a bath of feathers, with all his rosy breast plumes ruffled about him in sleep, until he looked like a pink-poppy on one leg.

It was a glorious autumn day when Kamm, arrayed in his best clothes and shod with a pair of bridal boots, on which he had expended all his ingenuity, issued from his shop door on his way to Mrs. Sculpin's.

He had bade good-bye to the bullfinch, as if he was not coming back again; though in his solitary hours he often thought what a source of pleasure the bird would be to his little wife when he was at work.

He was happy and independent. He had been dismissed from the patronage of the Mulberry Theatre, owing to the influence of Belvidere, but he had also withdrawn Grace, in virtue of his position as affianced husband, from her engagement, and made it a stipulation that she should dance no more.

Ring out, bells of St. Thomas! Enter Commodore Sculpin, with new cocked-hat and epaulettes! Appear quiet and business-like parson from the vestry, gazing as you pass to the rails, with a sort of vague sympathy, on the face of Charles Kamm, aged twenty-three, and the pale face of Grace Sculpin, aged seventeen.

The ceremony passed as all such ceremonies pass. There was no grand display. There were not six brides-maids and six grooms-men, which saved Grace the presentation of six lace veils, and Kamm the distribution of six suits of dress clothes. But invisible grooms-men and brides-maids hovered about the altar-rails as the vows were made. Truth, Honor, Loyalty and Love were there, and hallowed the simple ceremony.

According to special agreement, Kamm went home that day with his bride. The Sculpin frigate—excuse me, I meant mansion—had a pretty, sunny, little chamber set apart for the young couple; and our friend the boot-maker agreed to forsake his bunk in the shop for the splendors of a home. Sweetly passed the hours. Forgetful of work, forgetful of everything except love, Kamm idled away through four days. He was irritated no longer at the Commodore's assumption of dignity. He allowed her to wear her epaulettes with impunity; their false glitter was more than recompensed by the light that beamed upon him from Grace's eyes.

It was the fourth day after the wedding when, as Kamm was sitting in the window, toying, after his simple, lover-like fashion, with Grace's hair, when he started up suddenly and cried:

"Good God!"

"What's the matter?" asked Grace, alarmed at the wild look of fright that suddenly overspread his countenance.

"O my God! what a wretch I am! The bird; Bully! I shut up my shop, and have not been there for four days, and he is starving; oh-h-h! and the poor fellow groaned as if he had been stricken with some agonizing disease.

In an instant Grace had rushed for his hat, and the next moment the poor shoemaker, with a throbbing heart, was running at full speed to his neglected store. The picture of that poor, pining, affectionate bird, who loved him so, singing his little songs in darkness and solitude, was ever before him as he ran. He pictured him, as the days went by, descending to his trough and his water bottle, and finding them empty. He saw him at length exhausted with hunger, huddle into a corner of his cage and die.

And he ran. How he did run! So fast that when he reached his door he was so much out of breath that he could not for a moment put the key in the lock. In that brief pause he thought he heard a faint shrill sound. He put his ear close to the door and listened. I will not tell how his heart smote him as he heard from within, whistled in faint but clear notes, the long disputed air of "Roslyn Castle." Poor bird! Deserted by his master for another love, he called up from the depths of his memory, the strain he would not remember when he was present; and in the dreary work-shop, lonely and without food, he bethought himself of the strain that his master loved!

Need I say with what acclamations Bully was received at Mrs. Sculpin's when Kamm brought him thither? What pictures of groundsel were thrust into his cage of mornings? What dainties in the way of seeds and fruits were his portion evermore? He was in all respects shipshape and otherwise, Bully!

LOST AND WON.

BY F. O.

"There she goes. Look, look! Now isn't she a beauty?"

Captain Lascelles slowly raised himself in his seat and bent forward, so as to catch a back view of the vanishing figure to which his friend pointed so enthusiastically.

"H'm! she's very well, she doesn't walk amiss."

Bertie Montague turned impatiently from the window.

"Very well!" he echoed. "Why she's out and out the handsomest girl in London. She's the belle of the season I tell you, and all the fellows are just wild about her."

"Don't excite yourself, my dear boy! Excitement is bad for one's health. But I suppose you're a little touched yourself in that quarter, eh?"

"If Not a bit of it. You forget that I'm engaged to my cousin, Mary Warner. I know a good-looking girl when I see one, and it's a long day's march you'd have to take to find Miss Vandaleur's equal."

Captain Lascelles lazily shrugged his shoulders.

"It's very fine for you to affect indifference," cried Bertie; "you haven't spoken to her yet. Look here, I'll bet you a couple of ponies to one that before you've known her three months you'll propose."

"Well, I don't often bet you know, especially when a lady is concerned, still I'll take your bet this time, if it's only for the sake of showing the absurdity of laying wagers on such foolish subjects. It is but fair to inform you beforehand though, that "My heart is as impregnable as the Gibraltar rock."

where women are concerned."

"When I was a small lad, and boasted of my proficiency in climbing and my immunity from tumbles, my nurse used sagely to remind me that the pitcher might go ninety-nine times to the well, and be broken the hundreth. But see here; you're coming to my aunt Lady Macpherson's ball next Wednesday, aren't you? Miss Vandaleur will be there, I know, so then I'll introduce you."

* * * * *

There was a grand crush on the wide flower-garlanded staircase of Holden House, the Countess of Macpherson's town residence, but Gerald Lascelles was used to making his way through crowds, and he soon found himself in the brilliantly-illuminated reception-rooms.

He had scarcely paid his *devoirs* to his hostess when a hand was laid on his shoulder.

"You are late, old fellow," said Bertie, as they walked away together; "but better late than never. Come along at once, though, for she's due at another ball soon."

"Captain Lascelles—Miss Vandaleur."

Gerald saw before him a tall, slender figure, clad in filmy lace and foamy tulle; a face most delicately pale, with eyes splendid in their sombre darkness, and hair of blue-black hue, arranged so as to display the classical outlines of the perfectly-shaped head.

There was an air of hauteur about her, and her voice, when she spoke, was so coldly indifferent that Captain Lascelles was piqued, and the usual languor of his manner was replaced by something like animation.

"May I hope for the honor of a waltz?" he inquired.

Miss Vandaleur just glanced at him.

"I am engaged for every dance," she replied; then, turning to a gentleman to whom she had been speaking before Gerald's approach, she said: "Will you take me into the conservatory, Sir William, it is so very hot here?"

At 3 a. m. in Captain Lascelles' chambers in the Albany, Captain Lascelles' much enduring, long-suffering valet having been summarily dismissed, his master was giving vent to his wrath in a few violent adjectives. It was a new sensation feeling small, and by no means a pleasant one.

Two months [ased] since the night he had first seen Ida Vandaleur. He had met her frequently during the latter part of the season. She was gracious and charming to every one else.

"You don't seem to get on very well with Miss Vandaleur," remarked Montague to him one day as they sat smoking together at their club.

He was apparently too much engrossed in reading the latest intelligence from the seat of war to have heard the observation.

"I say, Gerald," said his companion, presently, "will you come with me to Macpherson Park for a week or two? I'm going there next Friday, and the Countess has given me *carte blanche* to bring any nice fellows I like, and I know she'll be delighted to have you."

"Ah! anyone in particular going to be there?" asked Gerald, nonchalantly, folding his newspaper.

"Let me see. There's little Florrie Seymour, and the Metcalf girls, and Lady Willoughby's daughter, and Miss Vandaleur, and several others," answered Bertie, with easy unconcern, but keeping a careful watch on his friend's countenance.

"Well, I'll see; I'll let you know to-morrow."

His decision was in the affirmative, and for nearly a fortnight he had been a guest at the hospitable mansion of his entertainers. However, Gerald's enjoyment had hitherto been far from great, and even now, his face wore a moody, discontented frown, altogether foreign to its usual expression.

He was walking along a narrow gravelled path that led directly to the river-bank. He had reached the end, and was about to retrace his steps, when his attention was suddenly arrested. Standing on the bank a short distance from him was a woman's motionless figure. His heart beat fast and furiously, as advancing, he found it to be the subject of his recent surmises.

"Miss Vandaleur!" he exclaimed, removing his cigar. She had been so lost in abstraction that the slight noise of his footsteps had not reached her, and she started perceptibly.

"I—I—the moon was shining so splendidly that I could not resist the temptation to come here. The river looks so lovely by moonlight."

"Yes," he confessed, thinking that the river was not the only thing that looked lovely by moonlight. "It is a most unprecedented occurrence to find you unattended," he observed, after a moment's pause.

"Is it? perhaps so; but solitude is very sweet sometimes."

"You must find it doubly so."

"Why?" she inquired, nervously playing with the fringe of a light woollen shawl she wore round her shoulders.

"You are so seldom allowed to enjoy it."

She laughed confusedly, but made no response. Gerald had never felt, less at his ease, and Ida appeared to have entirely lost her self-possession.

Gerald was the first to speak:

"Pray do not let me any longer disturb your enjoyment of Nature. I am aware that my presence has always been distasteful to you, so I will relieve you of a further infliction of it."

He moved away, but some irresistible impulse urged him to return.

"I shall leave here early to-morrow morning, as I intend exchanging with a friend whose regiment is ordered for India, so in all probability we shall not meet for years. Will you allow me to say good-bye here? And if you could bestow upon me a kindly word or two I should go forth a happier wanderer."

"Why do you say this to me, Captain Lascelles?"

"That is just what I am asking myself," he broke out passionately. "I cannot think what has induced me to speak so to you. You have no pity, no compassion for me; no woman's heart at all, I believe; no—I beg your pardon, Miss Vandaleur, I forgot your position and my manhood both. I beg you to forgive me, I shall not have the opportunity to offend again. Good-bye."

A great wave of crimson dyed her cheeks.

"Stay one moment, if you please. My position! I do not understand you."

"Your position as the future wife of Sir William French."

"You are laboring under some strange delusion," she rejoined, haughtily. "Sir William French is my guardian, nothing more," and, gathering up her trailing skirts, she would have left him.

But, with a hasty stride or two, Gerald had overtaken her, and barred her retreat.

"Let me pass, sir!" she said with an imperial little gesture of disdainful command.

"Not yet," he cried. "You must, you shall listen to me. If you are not engaged to Sir William, are you—is there any other favored suitor?"

"By what right do you ask me such a question?"

"By the right of my love for you."

She smiled scornfully.

"Love! you do not know the word. You have used so many pretensions of it that it only means for you compliments and pretty speeches."

"You judge me harshly—you judge me wrongly," he returned, slowly and almost sternly. "I have paid many compliments, it is true; what man has not? I have uttered many pretty speeches, as you call them, doubtless, but on my honor as a gentleman I have never before told a woman I loved her."

"I am sorry if I spoke somewhat hastily," she said, with dignified grace.

"Do not distress yourself. Your opinion of me has always been so unfavorable, that I am not surprised you consider yourself insulted by a declaration of love from me."

He bowed formally and walked on, but it was her turn to detain him.

"Let me explain myself," she said, earnestly. "I had heard of you long before I saw you—heard of you as a most incorrigible flirt, as a man to whom love was but the merest pastime, and I determined that there should never be the least excuse for the mention of such a name between us."

"Unfortunately all your precautions have been in vain," he rejoined; and there was a ring of sarcasm in his voice. "I can but renew my apologies for the annoyance you have suffered. As I have already assured you, you are not likely to be subjected to a repetition."

He bowed a second time and turned away.

A dozen yards or so he had proceeded when he looked round.

How did it happen? How was the swift sure knowledge born to him? Was it the mute eloquence of her attitude, the drooping head, the tightly-pressed fingers? Or was it the treacherous moonbeams which revealed the deathly pallor of her face and its expression of unutterable longing?

In half a second he was back at her side.

With a feeble effort of resistance she put out her hands to repulse him, but he caught them in his broader palms; he clasped his strong arms round her swaying form, and her crown of midnight plaits found a resting-place on his breast.

That night a pencilled note was slipped under the door of Bertie Montague's room.

On opening it he found a check signed "Gerald Vincent Lascelles," and these words hastily written:

"You have won your wager, and I have won my wife."

FASHION'S "CRUELTIES."

A recent discussion in the columns of a London journal has afforded an opportunity for the display of much general ignorance on the question of the origin of sealfur, and the method adopted for its collection. A similar point has been raised in connection with the important industry of ostrich breeding and the production of ostrich feathers in South Africa and elsewhere. It is commonly supposed that, whereas ostrich feathers were formerly collected in the sands of the desert where they had dropped during the moulting of the birds, the system of ostrich farming adopted at the Cape had led to the cruel practise of plucking the feathers from the birds alive, and the commercial term Bloods, applied to the finest quality of feathers, has rather encouraged this belief. To pluck a single feather, the quill of which is of such size as that of the wing-feathers of a bird like the ostrich when in the prime of its growth, would be an act of great cruelty: but, as a matter of fact, this is never done. The object of the ostrich farmer is to keep the bird in perfect health, and the irritation caused by plucking the feathers would be such as to seriously injure the quality of the next crop. The birds, however, are carefully watched as moulting time approaches, and an attendant, specially appointed for the purpose, when he sees a wing feather drooping, carefully cuts its off with a sharp knife, leaving the stump to fall naturally in the course of a day or two, and without causing the slightest pain to the bird. Needlessly to irritate a powerful creature like the ostrich would be a perilous proceeding on the part of the strongest man. If a feather is prematurely cut it shows traces in the bleeding thus caused in the quill, and the owner of a bird worth, perhaps $200 or $300 has the strongest of all possible inducements to discourage such a practice. We can assure our fair readers that they are not countenancing cruelty in the remotest possible manner by patronizing those types of royal rank—the feathers of the ostrich. On the other hand, the demand for these plumes has led to the introduction of a system of careful tending of the birds, such as is not to be excelled in the best-conducted stables or kennels of the country.

News of Interest

The antidote of opium is coffee.

No base ball clubs in Germany.

Dr. Mary Walker is 48 years old.

Suicides number two a day in New York city.

William Cullen Bryant was a Unitarian.

The Romans hardened brass so as to cut stone.

Gen. Grant will not return home until next spring.

Queen Ann and the ladies of her time wore large aprons.

Pittsburg has 70 glass factories which employ 5,000 hands.

Chinese are adepts in growing vegetables in fantastic shapes.

Cock fighting is on the increase in Charlotte, North Carolina.

The alder properly trimmed makes a beautiful lawn shrub.

A dragon tree in the Canary Islands is 45 feet in circumference.

An unusual amount of flax will this year be raised in the West.

The beauty of the emerald is lost by an exposure to strong sunlight.

Out in the Black Hills the jack-rabbits are called narrow-gauge mules.

The writing ink used by the ancients would be called varnish to-day.

A burning lake of sulphur has been discovered in the Indian Territory.

In China they spend $150,000,000 a year in worshiping their ancestors.

Germany's largest library numbers one million volumes, and is in Munich.

Sour cream makes two per cent. more butter than sweet, but of poorer quality.

The last exotic spice which has been acclimated in California is the ginger plant.

Ohio has 381,000 of apple orchards, and raises this year 12,000,000 bushels of apples.

For the last 150 years the lawyer's fee in England has been 6 shillings and 8 pence.

Horse-shoes are made of raw-hide and gutta-percha, and considered better than iron.

An epsom salts mine has been discovered about twelve miles from Chattanooga, Tenn.

Wisconsin has 20,000,000 acres of land which have never been broken or felt the plow.

Eleven foreign journals have appeared in Japan, of which ten are English, and one French.

Over 40,000 tulips were in blossom at one time in the Boston public garden the other day.

Boiling water occasionally poured on pavements will keep the bricks red and kill the grass.

A Texas preacher lost three-fourths of his deacons by preaching a sermon against horse racing.

Gold-mining is being practically developed in Georgia. The State has twenty-six active mines.

South Carolina has now 5,000 spindles and 1,400 looms in operation, divided among ten factories.

Bull fights have just been introduced from Spain to Marseilles, France, and attract immense crowds.

Stanley, it is reported, will again set out for Africa; this time under the auspices of the King of Belgium.

In an eight days temperance campaign at Worcester, Mass., Francis Murphy obtained 2,534 signatures to the pledge.

Recent soundings show Lake Baikal, in Siberia, to be the deepest lake in the world; the greatest depth sounded was 12,000 feet.

In the Gasconade river, Missouri, the fish are dying by thousands, from eating the worms that drop from the overhanging maple trees.

A genius in Vermont has a floating saw mill, which he sails along Lake Champlain, doing a good business with the farmers along the banks.

Parisians are tired of losing their pocket-handkerchiefs at the wash, and now they have their photographs executed in the centre of each.

A young woman of Woolwich, Me., aged 23, married a man of 83, on the payment of $1,000, which was the price he offered and she was sold for.

A New York detective has resigned after serving twenty seven years and never making an arrest. His conscience got the better of him at last.

It is computed that the tomb of St. Charles Borromeo, in the Cathedral of Milan, contains in precious stones alone value to the amount of $1,000,000.

Indestructible collars and cuffs are on exhibition in New York. They resemble linen, but need no washing, soils being removed by the application of a damp cloth.

The lemon verbena is used as a tonic for the stomach. A decoction of it made with hot water and sugar, and drank cold, morning and evening, is excellent for this purpose.

In the last fifteen centuries Japan has had 160 destructive earthquakes. One every ten years has been the general average, but for the past century the ratio has increased to one every five years.

"Nothing Like It."

So say the ladies throughout Christendom, who have been so fortunate as to test the delicious efficacy and brilliant power of LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, a delicate cosmetic for the complexion, and a reliable and HARMLESS lotion for the skin, rendering it beautiful and brilliant, giving the cheeks the blooming appearance of youth, yes, like a flower in its richest of promise. As a dangerous counterfeit was in circulation, G. W. Laird has, at great expense, had issued by the United States Government a new label, one essential part of the artistic design embracing the United States Internal Revenue Stamp, printed thereon, which to counterfeit, will be liable to imprisonment by the Government itself. Ladies will please beware of worthless imitations. The genuine "Bloom of Youth" is sold at all druggists and fancy goods dealers. Depot, 83 John street, New York.

LOVE'S BURIAL.

Thou hast passed from, life and thou knowest it not;
The light is quenched in thine eyes, I wot;
Thy rose-red mouth, it is wan and sere,
And thou art dead, my poor dead dear!

One Summer night, myself I saw
Thee laid in earth with a shuddering awe;
The nightingales suited low dirge-like lays,
And the stars came out on thy bier to gaze.

As the mourning train through the wood defiles,
Their litany peals up the branching aisles;
The pine trees, in funeral mantles dressed,
Moan prayers for the soul that is gone to rest.

And as by the mountain tarn we wound,
The elves were dancing a fairy round;
They stopped, and they seemed, though startled thus,
With looks of pity to gaze at us.

And when we came to thy lone earth bed,
The moon came down from the heaven o'erhead,
She spoke of the lost one. A sob, a stound!
And the bells in the far-away distance sound.

ERCELDEAN.

—OR—

The Price of a Heart.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," &C.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Duke was certainly jealous when Miss Lennox and Mr. Carew returned to the ball-room, Beatrix looking doubly enchanting. He was waiting for them; and when he saw them he went up to them very gravely.

"I think, Miss Lennox," he said, "that your mother would be pleased to see you. She has been asking for you."

But Beltran did not offer to release her—how she admired his courage!—he merely bowed and said:

"In that case, Miss Lennox, we will look for your mother."

"Pardon me," opposed the Duke, "I will escort Miss Lennox."

"Excuse me," said the barrister, "I hope to have that happiness myself."

Beatrix looked from one to the other. Was it possible that these two men were angry, jealous, and on the point of quarrelling for her?

"Oh, gentlemen of Scotland—oh, cavaliers of France!" a laughing voice broke in; and to her great joy Beatrix saw Lady Rayner, with a smile on her face, standing by her side. "You must disappoint both these gentlemen, Miss Lennox," she said; "I will be your escort;" and with a bow she took her friend away.

"My dear Beatrix," she remarked gravely, "if you will have so many admirers, you must try to keep the peace between them. It is well that the old days of duelling are past, or the Duke and Mr. Carew would cross swords before night was over."

"It is very absurd," said Beatrix; "I ought to be able to please. If I choose to walk or to dance with one gentleman, another has surely no right to interfere."

"Certainly not; but you see the Duke has evidently begun to think that you are his peculiar charge, and he will allow no one to share the honor."

The Duke was too well-bred, too innately a gentleman to cause any unpleasantness because of a lady in whom he was greatly interested. When the two friends walked away, he controlled himself by a vigorous effort, and turned with a smile to Beltran.

"We are foiled, Mr. Carew," he said; "we must submit, I suppose. Have you seen that superb Velasquez that hangs in the card-room?"

Beltran replied that he had, and they talked together for some few minutes; and then parted. The Duke was softened.

"I ought to feel sorry for him," he said; "he evidently admires Miss Lennox. But he has just as much chance of winning the heiress of Erceldean as I have of winning the next Derby—no more. He is a promising young man—very handsome too; and that French dress suits him, although I do not know for whom it is intended."

If the Duke had known, his anger would have risen; as it was, he felt a kind of good-natured pity for his rival.

Beltran did not contrive to have any further conversation with Beatrix until Lady Lennox, who was very tired, asked him to call her carriage.

"It will be some time coming round, I know," she said, "and I am very tired, Mr. Carew."

The very grandeur of the spectacle had fatigued Lady Lennox; her eyes ached with the gleam of diamonds and the sheen of costly dresses. Beltran then had his recompense.

"There is my daughter," said Lady Lennox, "talking to the Duke of Heathland. Will you say that I am tired, Mr. Carew?"

"You are taking the light of the ball-room with you," he remarked.

"It is quite time that light was put out," said Lady Lennox, with a smile. "My daughter looks as fresh as though the night had only just begun, yet she has been dancing for hours. How well she has borne it with that heavy velvet dress and all those diamonds!"

So it happened that Beltran had his heart's desire; while some one else found Lady Lennox's shawls and wrapped her warmly, he had another chat with Beatrix. He drew the opera-cloak round the queenly shoulders.

"I call that an anachronism," she said—"an opera-cloak over the dress of Marie Stuart. I am afraid I shall wake to-morrow and still think myself a queen."

"So you will be a queen. You will not lay down your sceptre when you remove this dress."

"I have enjoyed the night very much," she said. "I call this a splendid ball; it is something to remember and dream of."

She held out her hand in kindly farewell to him; he clasped it warmly in his and held it there.

"One bright day is dead," he said, "but another will soon dawn. I shall count the hours now until Thursday. I dine at Strathearn House on that day; it will seem an age until then."

"Mr. Carew," remarked Beatrix gravely, "do you know that you are keeping my hand?"

"I beg a thousand pardons. Must I really let this little hand go?"

"You must indeed," she replied.

Very gently and carefully he drew off the white glove that covered it.

"You may take your hand, you will not be cruel enough to take your glove. This shall be my talisman; it will charm away all evil spirits, all melancholy, all despair."

"You ought not to have done that, Mr. Carew," she said. "How am I to go home with only one glove?"

"Do not place your hand near the window or people will mistake it for a snowflake," he replied laughingly."

"Beatrix, are you ready, my dear child? How long that cloak takes to arrange! Is there anything wrong with it?" asked Lady Lennox.

"Miss Lennox has lost a glove," said Beltran; and Lady Lennox looked up in some little concern.

"A glove! Why, my dear, did you take off your glove? Never mind the glove; it is not worth looking for, Mr. Carew."

"Miss Lennox will never find it now," he declared. And then he took her through the long entrance hall to the carriage. He placed her in it, still holding the white ungloved hand in his own.

"Good night, Lady Lennox," he said; and, bending his handsome head, he said, in a lower voice, to Beatrix, "Good night, my queen."

"Good night, Francois," she returned. And the carriage drove away, leaving him dizzy with happiness.

"She is enough to drive any man mad who loves her," he thought. "She is so beautiful so bewitching. I did not think such women lived out of novels. Her very coldness is more attractive than any warmth could be—my beautiful queen!"

When he went back to the ball-room, it seemed to him empty, dark, and gloomy. She had been its light and brightness to him. He was waiting to say adieu to the Duchess when he saw a fierce-looking little man who had evidently intended to be very jocular as Friar Tuck; but alas the good friar had too often sought "refreshment," and so found some little difficulty in walking straight! He looked up very fiercely at the fair handsome man in his picturesque dress.

"I say, I'm Lord Rayner," he began.

"I am very happy to hear it," replied Beltran, with an inward longing to lift him up and drop him from the nearest window.

"Where is my wife, Lady Rayner? She knows I am waiting, and keeps me on purpose."

Beltran started. Lady Rayner was the friend of Beatrix Lennox! He would go through much for her; he would even put up with this wretched little man for her sake.

"Where is my wife, I say? It is very strange that I cannot find my wife. Other men of my rank find their wives—why should not I?"

"Shall I look for Lady Rayner?" asked Beltran.

"Yes, if you will. I cannot find her. Everything is doubled. I can see two Duchesses, two Cleopatras. What shall I do if I see two Lady Rayners? I shall not know which is my wife."

"Sit still, my lord—I will soon find Lady Rayner."

He went to look for her, and found her talking to a little group of friends. He did not tell her his errand until they were alone; and then he said:

"Lord Rayner is looking for you. I came in search of you, as he wishes to go home."

He saw her face change.

"Shall I have to go home with him while he is inebriated?" she asked. "Oh, Mr. Carew, I would rather not!"

"You shall not, unless you choose," replied Beltran. And then they came suddenly upon the little lord seated in a large easy-chair.

"Here you are, my lady. I have been looking for you for hours. It is time to return home. Are you ready?"

"Quite ready," answered the unhappy lady.

"That is well. My word is law. If I say home, home it must be.

"A woman, a dog, and a walnut-tree,
The more you beat them the better they be."

What capital rhyme! I believe I was born a poet."

"I do not think you were born a gentleman," said Beltran hotly. But Lord Rayner only laughed.

"My lady here knows better. She chose me from all the gentleman in the land because I was the best, the very best. Did you not, my lady?"

He looked so ugly with his vicious leer that her ladyship hurried from him with a gesture of disdain. He caught her wrists so fiercely and violently that she cried aloud.

"Don't look at me in that fashion—you know I will not bear it," he said.

In another moment a grasp of iron was on his hand and Beltran Carew had flung him far from his wife.

"Do not speak to that lady again, sir, until you are sober," he said; "and remember, if you ever dare to use any violence to her, I, Beltran Carew, will thrash you soundly. Do you hear?"

"Yes, I hear," he replied, cowed by the indignant face—"you need not shout."

"I will escort Lady Rayner home," said Carew, "and the servants can return for you."

And all the way home the beautiful, fragile, unhappy lady sat with the stony mask of despair over her face and the agony of despair in her heart.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The sun was beginning to shine in the eastern skies as Beltran Carew, after seeing Lady Rayner safely to her residence, hailed a cab, jumped into it, and was driven rapidly through the empty squares. The air was fresh and fragrant. In his heart he wondered why the beautiful earth that had been created so fair was rendered terrible by the sins and the evil deeds of men.

In a few hours he forgot the recent painful scene in the Duchess of Elmslie's ball-room. He seemed to lose the memory of everything except the smiles, the looks, and the words of Beatrix Lennox. He told her that he should count the hours until the dinner-party. Peter Lennox had left the arrangements to his niece, and "Prince Charlie's" daughter had not acted with her usual transparent candor.

"Write out a list, Trixie," her uncle had said. "You know who should meet those learned men far better than I do;" and Beatrix made out a list which included Lady Rayner and excluded the Duke of Heathland.

Mr. Lennox had not noticed the omission; nor did he think of his Grace of Heathland until the morning of the dinner-party, and then it was too late to rectify the oversight.

"Why, Beatrix," he cried, with a face of dismay, "we have not asked the Duke!"

"No, uncle, we have not," she acknowledged.

"But why did you forget, Beatrix?" he asked somewhat surprised. "I entrusted all to you."

She could not have given an evasive answer to save her life. It was one of her peculiarities that she must always speak the truth, no matter what it cost her. She did so now.

"I did not forget the Duke, uncle; but I thought that for once we might really do without him."

Peter Lennox looked at his niece—he could not understand her.

"I should have thought that seeing him here would have been a great pleasure to you," he said; "but then I never did comprehend or understand women, and I never shall."

"I am not a woman, uncle," she rejoined. "I am a girl."

"That makes matters worse and more incomprehensible," he said. And there the contest ended.

"It is not often I can do as I like," thought Beatrix; "but in this instance I have managed it." And she resolved upon enjoying herself.

Beltran was coming. To her he was all the world. It did not matter who came or who stayed away if Beltran was present. She thought of the approaching gratification, while Peter Lennox laughed at the notion of inviting Lady Rayner to meet his scientific friends, and omitting the Duke.

The longed-for evening came at last. Beatrix did not yet know her own heart. She did not own to herself why she was so full of spirits and so happy—why the world that she had scorned and contemned seemed to grow brighter every day. Lady Lennox always thought it good taste to dress plainly when she received visitors, and Beatrix made a point of studying every wish of her mother's. She wore on this evening's tasteful and elegant costume of white lace. Lady Lennox imagined that rubies would accord best, and she had chosen a superb *parure* for her. Rubies hung round the white neck and the bare white arms; rubies shone in the lustrous hair. Her mother was startled by her loveliness. She found a dark red rose that matched the rubies in color, and fastened it in the bodice of her dress.

"Do I look nice, mamma?" asked the girl, with shining eyes.

"You look beautiful, my darling," said Lady Lennox, wondering at such a question from a girl so reticent and so averse to praise as Beatrix.

Miss Lennox went early into the drawing-room. She wanted to be there before any of her guests arrived. She felt an unaccountable shyness at the thought of meeting Beltran again. She could not tell why, but everything seemed so strange. Why had he taken the glove? And how strangely he had talked to her. She longed and yet feared to see him! She was impatient for his coming, and yet wished to run away when he did come. She hoped that he would never talk to her in that strange way again, yet she garnered each word in her heart. She sat looking at some photographs and talking to Lady Lennox, yet all the time was listening intently for his footstep. She would have detected it amongst a thousand.

Presently his name was announced, and the proud face of "Prince Charlie's" daughter burned with deepest crimson; then she grew deadly pale—so pale that she was fain to hide it for a few moments over the photographs until she fancied it had regained its natural color. Very quickly however she rose with her usual proud, careless grace, with the harmonious movement peculiar to her, and returned his greeting. She raised her fair face to his, but the dark eyes were drooped and did not meet his own. During the evening Beltran was very attentive to Lady Lennox, who had a sincere liking for him. They talked about the fancy dress ball, and Beltran said it had been one of the happiest evenings of his life. Gentle Lady Lennox laughed.

"I enjoyed it," she said, "but I could not call it one of the happiest evenings of my life."

"Your life has been somewhat varied, mamma," put in Beatrix. "It was certainly a most happy evening to me."

If Lady Lennox had been as worldly wise as most women, she would have thought it curious that two people should have agreed so completely on this point; as it was, she noticed nothing—her attention was called to her guests. Beltran stood by Beatrix's side.

"I am gifted with very happy audacity," he said. "Do you think I dare put it into practice by offering to take you down to dinner, Miss Lennox. Alas, we are not under the cedar-tree now!"

"You can try it," she replied, trying to speak carelessly.

"How many peers of the realm will be here to dispute the honor with me?" he asked. Beatrix laughed.

"None," she replied. "It is peers of the realm of intellect whom we entertain this evening, Mr. Carew. You will be quite at home amongst them."

Fortune favored him—he took Beatrix down to dinner; and, if any one had given his attention to them, he would have seen how very secondary a matter dinner was to Beatrix and Beltran Carew.

He talked gaily to her, he told her some amusing anecdotes, he quoted some quaint rhymes; he interested her so that dinner seemed over to her almost as soon as it had begun. When the ladies had retired to the drawing room, Lady Rayner said—

"You cannot say you have spent one dull moment during dinner, Beatrix. How you have enjoyed yourself! How I envy you!"

"Why should I not enjoy myself?" she replied, "I am not fairly afloat on the sea of life yet, Leola—I am only playing on the shore. Let me be happy while I can. I always seem to fancy that my life at present is only a prelude to the real drama that has to come."

"I hope your life will not end in a disaster as mine has ended—I can hope no more," said Lady Rayner. "How soon the gentlemen have followed us!"

"Uncle has found the scientific gentlemen difficult to entertain," laughed Beatrix. "I know the first cry will be for music. Now, Leola, you must sing for us. I know what a beautiful voice you have. The Duchess says there is no artist upon the stage who can rival you."

"She is very kind to think so. I had a beautiful voice once, but that seems to have been very long ago. You will not care for my songs though, Beatrix; they are all sad ones."

"I like sad music," said Beatrix.

"So do I," agreed Beltran, who had joined them unperceived. "I always fancy that the true inner character comes out more truthfully in music than in anything else. You will sing for us, Lady Rayner?"

Peter Lennox escorted his beautiful guest to the piano, and Beltran took a seat by Beatrix. Had the voice been less beautiful, the words less pathetic, they would have heard neither; as it was, they both listened intently. The words were Mrs. Jameson's, the music was Lady Rayner's own. And these words haunted Beatrix for long afterwards—

"I have had joy and sorrow; I have proved
What life can give—have loved and been beloved.
I am sick, and heartsore;
And weary—let me sleep,
But deep, deep,
Never to waken more!"

How the beautiful rich voice seemed to wail out the words! A mist of tears came before the dark eyes of Beatrix Lennox.

"That is the voice of one tried," said Beltran in a low voice.

"I have made every one sad, I am sure," remarked Lady Rayner suddenly. "Never ask me to sing. I take as naturally to melancholy music as do children to sweetmeats. Mr. Carew, sing to us and charm away the dark spirit I have evoked."

"Do you sing, Mr. Carew?" asked Beatrix.

"Yes, I am very fond of singing," he replied, "and I shall be very pleased to sing." He bent his head as he was leaving the chair by her side. "Miss Lennox," he said in a low voice, "be pleased to listen, for every word of my song is for you."

He sang in a clear rich baritone ringing with a silvery sound, and these were the words—

"I arise from dreams of thee—
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright,
I arise from dreams of thee;
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?—
To thy chamber-window sweet!"

He sang the whole of Shelley's beautiful serenade, and every word found its way into the heart of the girl listening to him.

The scientific gentlemen had to leave early—they were due at *conversaziones* at some hall—and several other gentlemen, Peter Lennox included, left with them. Lady Rayner had to be present at a ball given by one of her husband's relatives. The party dwindled until Beltran remained alone with Lady Lennox and Beatrix. Lady Lennox looked fatigued.

"You are tired, mamma," laughed Beatrix. "It is of no use looking amiable, and saying that you are not tired. Those scientific friends of uncle Peter's have kept your mind on the stretch for hours. You have entertained them well, and you shall rest."

In her caressing, loving fashion she made her mother lie down upon a couch. She ordered a cup of tea for her, and found her an amusing book.

"My dear," said the gentle lady, "you make me quite ashamed. What will Mr. Carew think?"

"Never mind Mr. Carew, mamma," laughed Beatrix, "He makes quite as much fuss with his own mother. Do you not Mr. Carew?"

"When I can persuade her to allow it," he replied. "Lady Lennox, let me read to you. My mother says there is no such charm in the world for overtaxed nerves as to hear any one read aloud."

"I should like it," said Lady Lennox gratefully. "How kind you are, Mr. Carew!"

"The pleasure is mine," he declared brightly, taking up a volume of sketches and poems that lay upon the table, and looking through it to find something that would suit her.

It was a pleasant home-scene—the placid lady on the couch, her affectionate daughter anxiously solicitous for her comfort; the handsome man, so tenderly attentive; the room all golden in the light of the pearly lamps. Beltran read for some minutes, and then Beatrix looked up at him with her finger on her lips.

"Mamma is asleep," she whispered. She drew the lace shawl round her face and head. "I need not excuse her to you, knowing that you love your own mother so well. My dear mother is not very strong; she needs much care. She has had great sorrow in her life."

They sat quite silent for some few minutes—perhaps the same thought was flitting through the mind of both, that it was a home-scene. Then Beatrix looked up at him.

"This is dull for you," she said.

Lady Lennox stirred, and Beatrix held up her finger in warning.

"If we must talk," she whispered, "we must leave mamma. Come out on to the balcony and watch the moon rise."

"Shall you not feel cold?" he asked. "It is night outside, although it is brightest day within."

She took up a rose-colored scarf of Lady Lennox's and wrapped it round her shoulders; and then, drawing aside the white lace hangings, they went out on to the balcony together.

It was a fair scene. The lovely fragrant of night lay over the vast city, over the park and dark trees; the moon was rising over the latter, and silvered their stately heads; a few light clouds floated across the blue sky; the night-wind was odorous; and the two, who loved such scenes right well, sat in silence on the pretty cross seat in the balcony. Mignonnette clustered at their feet, some jasmine climbed the twisted iron pillars—the sweet odor of the flowers seemed to enfold them.

"What a sweet summer night!" said Beltran. "Tell me about the summer nights on Loch Narn."

They talked so happily, so easily, as though they knew each other for years. Beatrix forgot her shyness. She only remembered how clever he was, how like everything she had dreamed that was noble and gifted in man. After a time she asked him about his profession, and he spoke of it to her in a simple frank-hearted fashion that delighted her. Once she gathered a spray of the jasmine they layed so near her hand.

"How beautiful the color of this leaf is!" she said; and he bent over her to look at it.

The fragrance from the scarlet rose in her dress reached him. He could not account for the madness that seized him; he bent his head and kissed the white hand that held the spray of jasmine. She did not rebuke him; that appeared somewhat strange to him. The little hands trembled for a minute in his clasp, and then lay still. He dared not trust himself to speak; all the hot passionate words that seemed to surge from his heart to his lips were driven back relentlessly; so tempted was he to clasp her in his arms for one moment. The impulse was strong; he trembled as he resisted it.

"Do you remember the old legend of the knight and the glove," she asked him, as the silence became painful—"of the lady who threw her glove into the pit where the lions were, and challenged her lover to recover it for her?"

"I remember it," he replied; "her name was Fredegonde, I think. I have always thought that she was tired of her lover and wanted to get rid of him."

Beatrix looked up horrified.

"You do not think that a woman would—could even deliberately contemplate such a piece of wickedness, do you, Mr. Carew?"

"My experience says 'Yes.' Crime in women may show itself in many ways. A woman murderer is an anomaly, a wonder in creation, something unnatural; it is none the less true however that such exist. But you shall not persuade me to talk about such horrors, Miss Lennox. You must think of something pleasanter. Why should we discuss such gloomy themes? This sweet summer night I shall never forget. I feel as though I were in Elysium. See—the stars are coming out, there shines Venus, Queen of Love. Under the light of the stars I grow bolder and dare to ask you, when shall I meet you again? The season is drawing to a close now, and I suppose you will soon be leaving town."

"I have not thought of it," she replied, with a sudden feeling of pain.

"Then do not think of it now. You shall think of nothing but what is pleasant, so that when you look back on this evening you may say to yourself, 'Those were pleasant hours I spent with Beltran Carew.'"

"You speak as though such hours were never to be repeated," she said—and "Prince Charlie's" daughter grew pale with sudden fear.

"Do I? Who can tell? Let us gather rosebuds while we may! We will hope these hours may be repeated, but who can tell? There is all the more need that we should enjoy the present. I shall never see jasmine without thinking of you, without this scene coming back to me like a well known picture—the moonlit sky, the golden stars, the dark trees, the twining jasmine, and the face of the peerless lady whom I think the most beautiful and perfect of our sex. When I am working hard at my desk, bending over briefs, and trying to disentangle the coils of law, I shall think of it, and I shall grow stronger and better for the thought."

"Mamma is awake," said Beatrix.

He bent over her and whispered hurriedly—

"Tell me, when and where shall I see you again? Be kind to me. The time is approaching when it will not be so easy to see you."

"We shall be at the Opera to-morrow evening," she said. "You can come to our box."

In another moment Lady Lennox drew aside the white lace hangings and looked out with a smile.

"What considerate children!" she said. "I ought to offer many apologies to you, Mr. Carew; but you are so kind that I think that I need not utter them."

"I am only too pleased that you found time for a little rest, my dear Lady Lennox. You wanted it, I am sure."

The little ormolu clock chimed eleven, and Beltran looked up in surprise.

"Is it so late?" he said. "I thought it was about nine."

"That shows you have been well amused," she said. "Beatrix has whiled away many dull hours for me."

"Eleven o'clock! Then I must go," declared Beltran. "What a disappointment! I thought I had another hour at least."

"You flatter us," said Lady Lennox. "You must come again, Mr. Carew. We shall always be pleased to see you."

They bade each other a cordial good night; but, when Beltran said good night to Beatrix, he did it with a heightened color. Miss Lennox stood quite silent; the dark eyes did not meet his, but her little hand rested for a minute in his warm grasp. If Lady Lennox had been one degree keener, that "good-night" must have told its own story.

Beatrix stood quite still for some few minutes when Mr. Carew had left her, a happy smile curving her sweet lips. Life was growing so unutterably fair and sweet for her.

"I like Mr. Carew," said Lady Lennox; "he is a very charming young man. What a kind, gentle manner he has, Trixie! How his mother must love him!"

"She does," responded Beatrix. "Mother and son are warmly attached."

"Why do you never ask his mother to visit us, Trixie?" inquired Lady Lennox.

"I have done so, mamma; but she is always busy. She does not accept many invitations; and she assured me that it was a great kindness to refrain from sending them. Of course I have complied with her wishes."

"I like Mr. Carew better than any one I have met in London. Do you know, Trixie, there is something in him that reminds me of your father—the same grace of manner and warmth of heart. While he was reading to me I could have fancied that the years were all unspent and that my bright 'Prince Charlie,' my beloved husband, was sitting beside me. He has the same kind of frank beauty and patrician ease."

Lady Lennox eyes filled with tears, and Beatrix kissed them away.

"If Mr. Carew makes you cry, mamma, he shall not come again," she said. "I shall be quite cross with him."

"Indeed you shall not, Trixie. But it is strange that he should remind me so much of your dear father."

"I am very glad that he does so, mamma—it is an additional reason for liking him; and it pleases me to hear that the only man I have seen whom I esteem highly should be the one most like my own father."

"I hope your uncle will send him another invitation," said unconscious Lady Lennox. "I shall always be happy to see him." And then she wondered why her frank impulsive daughter threw her arms round her neck and kissed her with such a rapture of delight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A novel, but very useful and important little volume will soon be published by Alfred Martien, Phila., entitled "The Law of Marriage, Divorce, Breach of Promise, and Rights of Married Women" in the United States, with an account of the marriage customs of French countries.

The ignorance of all classes of the law of marriage and divorce, and the legal rights of married women has induced the author to compile this volume.

Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, New York, will publish this month Dr. Ghislani Durante's last work, "Horseback Riding From a Medical Point of View." The book is not a manual to teach how to ride horseback, but explains the mechanism of horseback riding, and reviews its physiological and hygeale effects. It shows all the good derived from horseback riding.

MAGAZINES.

We have received the reprint of the June number of *Blackwood* from the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay street, N. Y. Of the serials, "Mine is Thine," which has been running through the magazine for the past year, is concluded; and "John Caldigate, Part III.," introduces us to gold-mining adventures in New South Wales. "New Books" takes up some half-dozen recently published works—biographies, travels, poems, and Anglo Indian life—and aided by liberal extracts, gives quite an interesting account of them.

"The Epic of the Lion," is a translation from Victor Hugo; and there are two short poems, "Companions of the Road" and "Tantalus," by W. W. Story.

A good number.

The *Magazine of American History* for July, is very well filled with good matter. The historical department consists of a fine paper, by the editor, Mr. John Austin Stevens, on New York and the Federal Constitution. John Watts De Peyster writes concerning the Battle of Monmouth; and W. L. Stone of Schuyler's Faithful Spy. T. F. Rodenborgh contributes a biography of John Berrien Montgomery, Rear Admirable U. S. Navy. Then follow original documents, reprints, notes, queries and replies, and literary notices. The frontispiece of this number is a picture of the old court house, Poughkeepsie.

The *Philadelphia Druggist and Chemist* for June reaches us in its wonted good style, and is full of original matter and excellence.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for July contains three illustrated articles of great merit. "Recent Experiences in Fog Signals," by Professor Tyndall; "Seaside Studies," by Professor Tenney, and a sketch of Professor Du Bois-Reymond, with a portrait. Then there are a number of good papers on Water Supply of Rivers, Education as a Science, The Formation of Nebulæ, The Question of Pain in Hanging, The Radical Fallacy of Materialists, and a paper by Professor Du Bois-Reymond, on Civilization and Science. Herbert Spencer's Evolution of Ceremonial Government, reaches No. VI.; Forms of Address, and Dr. Beard's Scientific Study of Human Testimony, the third number. The Editor's Table, Literary Notices, popular miscellany and notes contain good things of interest to everybody.

Scribner's Monthly for July contains four finely illustrated articles. "Bird Architecture," "A Few Antiques," "The Police of New York," and "The Structure of Oxford." The conclusion of Adeline Trafton's "His Inheritance," is illustrated as well as IX. of Edward Eggleston's "Roxy." Brica-Brac contains some cuts representing the money of our fathers, and a comic sketch, "A Good Listener." The miscellany and stories are excellent, and this number is one of the finest of its kind.

Potter's American Monthly, a live periodical published by Messrs. John E. Potter & Co., of this city, comes to us in its July guise with a very fine table of contents and good illustrations. J. Bonsall has an illustrated article, "Through the Lehigh and Wyoming Valleys." H. Butterworth contributes "The Haunted House on Cambridge Common;" J. H. McM., "A Remarkable Presentiment," and Geo. B. Griffith gives some good verses on "Longfellow's Chestnut Chair." The editor, Mr. A. G. Feather, has a seasonable article on "Valley Forge One Hundred Years ago." Mrs. C. Durang touches upon "The Three Nacmies of the Yosemite Valley;" then follows "A Reminiscence of Napoleon's Russian Campaign," by T. L. Oxler; E. S. Putnam gives "An Incident of Border Warfare;" and F. A. Griesemen, "The Cultivation and Curing of the Tea Plant;" Louise Campbell has a story, "Her Last Sweet Day," and F. E. Hamilton one called "The Curse of Erfurth;" "The Wyoming Monument," by E. G., is good. Then follow Notes and Queries, Comment, Memoranda, Literature and Art, and Gossip and Note Book. Price only $3 a year.

Wide Awake for July comes to us as a first-class monthly for the young folks. The frontispiece, "In the Sulfer," illustrates the initial story by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, entitled "The Boys of Brimstone Court." The illustrations throughout the number are of the first excellence; for example, "The Sleeping Beauty," one of Bates' Classics of Babyland. The picture accompanying "The Daisies' Awakening" is novel and beautiful; also the engravings for Mrs. M. E. Bradley's "Afterwards." "Thusie's Fourth of July" and "Why the Benedict Family Didn't Go to the Concert," are good stories. The second part of "True Blue" and "A General Misunderstanding," under the captions of "Trying to be True," and "Doc and Her Knights," are interesting. Miss Muslin's "Seventh Misfortune," in company with her cousin Miltiades Peterkin Paul, occurs in a melon patch. Only $2 a year. Conducted by Ella Farman. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers.

Appleton's Journal for July has a varied series of interesting matter. The illustrations are all good, and the articles original and taking. Mr. T. Walden writes charmingly of "The Rose of New England," in a paper with nine illustrations. Ruskin's "Fors Clavigera" is discussed by E. M. Coan. William Minturn writes his second article upon "French Writers and Artists," and treats this time of Emile Zola and Edward de Goncourt. The two serial stories are, "A Bit of Nature," by Albert Rhodes, illustrated by a frontispiece of great merit, and the conclusion of Mrs. Edwards's "Jet, Her Face or Her Fortune." Julian Hawthorne continues "Out of London," and there are two good short stories—"Sam," by E. A. Revorg, and "The Colleen Rue," by N. Robinson. Edward King has a seasonable article on "Paris and May," treating of Paris shows and the Exposition. There are four good poems; one by Nora Perry, "The Tramp," being especially taking, and one on "Navy," by Edgar Fawcett.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

A curt answer has two edges.

The debtor's memory is apt to fail.

None are overstocked with patience.

The right must sometimes yield or fight.

Temper is so good a thing that we should never lose it.

It is better to need relief than to want heart to give it.

It is a very easy thing for a man to be wise for other people.

A punctual man can always find leisure, a negligent one never.

Let not the stream of your life always be a murmuring stream.

All persons know when they are knaves; few when they are fools.

Every art is best taught by example; good deeds produce good friends.

Most men like self sacrifice in their friends better than in themselves.

Men generally make way for him who is determined to push boldly past them.

Purposes, like eggs, unless they be hatched into action, run into rottenness.

It is a truth not often realized, that men must be already wise in order to love wisdom.

If patrons were more disinterested, ingratitude would probably be a great deal more rare.

When the sun of virtue is set, the blush of shame is the twilight. When that dies, all is darkness.

If you listen patiently to calumny, you are only a trifle less guilty than the actual calumniator.

The manner in which a command is obeyed is of more importance than the mere fulfilment of it.

When we get old, our friends find it very difficult to please us, and care but little whether we are pleased or not.

Good temper is like a sunny day, it sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil and soother of disquiet.

Grapple with opportunity, and as you can't know when opportunity will come, keep you grappling-irons always ready.

Pain here on earth is often nothing more than an initiation to something higher—the box on the ear, or sword stroke, that makes a man a knight.

It should be necessary but to grow old in order to become indulgent. We seldom see a fault committed that we have not committed ourselves.

The kindnesses which most men receive from others are like traces in the sand. The breath of every passion sweeps them away from memory forever.

The time present seldom fills desire or imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to supply the deficiency by recollection or anticipation.

Wink at small injuries rather than avenge them. If, to destroy a single bean, you throw down the hive, instead of one enemy, you have a thousand.

A man who is not able to make a bow to his own conscience in the morning, is hardly in a condition to respectfully salute the rest of the world during the day.

The best means to learn our faults is to tell others of theirs; they will be too proud to be alone in their defects, and will seek them in us and reveal them to us.

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PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1821

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SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 29, 1878.

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NEWS OF INTEREST.

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"ON DANGEROUS GROUND" is a strikingly powerful serial, and the reader's interest in the situations which are now developing will be intensified from chapter to chapter until the denouement.

TWO ADMIRABLE schools for the study of arts in our city, in addition to the school of the Academy of Fine Arts, now offer to young ladies the privilege of complete instruction in all the departments of technicology and the higher arts. We allude to the School of Design for Women and the Museum of Industrial Art. There is a great demand for good designers, and the youth of our city of both sexes, whose taste leads them to art, ought to avail themselves of every opportunity for study in this direction.

THE patriotic fire-cracker will soon be in season. The Fourth of July is about to make its boisterous appearance among us, and the firemen and surgeons are preparing for business. There will be a great odor of gunpowder, a great fluttering of bunting, and a great deal of oratory and parading as usual. The best way to spend the Fourth is to retire from the city; seek rural shades or the breezes of the sea, and after reading to one's self quietly "The Declaration of Independence" as a duty, enjoy thereafter a *dolce far niente* in the shape of a good cigar and a siesta in the shade.

THE season of collegiate commencements has just ended, and hundreds of brilliant and promising young men are in reality making their commencement in life—beginning their careers in the various professions which dignify and exalt men. Judging from the promise of these many graduates, we, as a nation, will have cause to be proud of their future careers of honor and usefulness in the departments of commerce, science, the pulpit, the bar, and journalism and literature. Talent and genius were never more needed than at present in all the active affairs of life, and the future of the country rests upon its gifted sons.

SOME of the most piquant articles on dress and costume of every kind, appear in "Fashion Notes." There is much to be learned in this department of the Poet, and our lady readers well know the fact and appreciate the zealous enterprise and talent of the editor of this successful specialty. The history and the philosophy of dress are always interesting topics, and these are treated with breadth and yet with great attention to the meaning of the terms employed in the description of various costumes, the French words applied to dresses and their etymology. In "Fireside Chat" there is seasonable gossip, concerning all the good and beautiful things which tend to make home comfortable.

WHILE literary men and artists require a certain atmosphere of art, and literature, and while our best litterateurs affect European views, and seek the centres of art in Europe, as residences, yet it is true that America is rapidly becoming impressed with a sense of necessity of such an atmosphere within its own borders. It is not fair to say that our nation drives its children of talent to seek fame and wealth abroad. What we need is a national literature—a literature which is not English, or French, or German, but strictly American, reproducing the age, and the people of the age and photographing American ideas. The clever men, the able men, and the men who desire, as a matter of course, to secure at least a livelihood from their profession, do, it is true, seek the European capitals because there they meet with a certain celebrity and profit, but it does not follow that any man of genius will ever expatriate himself for the sake of a temporary name or gain. On the contrary, we believe the time is ripe when the men of sufficiently penetrating genius to represent the American age in literary art, will disdain to go abroad, or desire foreign patronage in any shape whatever, save that which comes legitimately through the true fame of his works. There is material enough in our country for the writer or the painter; let them make the most of it and the most of themselves.

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

It is a mistake to suppose that the character is formed when what is called the "education," is finished. Girls believe this, though the truth is that the real consolidation of character is only just now beginning; but perhaps boys, who have already had a wide experience at school, and to whom their future professional career affords a more extended outlook, know that time and the world will modify as much as they teach, and that the world into which they have set so far is not the ultimate to which they will attain. They know that if the boy is father to the man, the man is different from the boy, and fathers are not reproduced with any great exactness in their children. As a rule, girls do not forecast so much. They honestly believe that they are now what they will always be, and that no modifying influence will come from marriage, with its sense of dependence and union in one. Whatever a girl thinks now to be wrong, or "shocking," she cannot be induced by any argument to suppose may be lawful, or pitiful, or praiseworthy. She will not accept what she has not realized, and she has not realized growth in change. How can she become, say generous in judgment on things outside her experience?

Again, the character is formed by the personal habits of daily life as much as by the thoughts and principles inculcated. The unmethodical in action will scarcely be the accurate observer, the correct reporter, the reliable authority, or the steadfast stand-by in other matters, and the loose ends of daily habits repeat themselves in the character and graver virtues more than the prosaic qualities of method, order, regularity and the like follow on those habits of forethought and observation which older people try so hard to inculcate on the younger, and the younger try so hard not to learn.

The character is not formed by large leaps, by one strong impression, by a few striking experiences, but by small, repeated touches, by the constant rippling of daily thoughts, the minute shaping of daily habits. No one who has the charge of the young can be too careful in preventing the daily recurrence of apparently the most insignificant circumstances, for, allowed to-day, they come with a little more strength to-morrow, and after a few more to-morrows become fixed characteristics for life. It is never too late to do well, neither is it too late to go wrong: and no one has such confidence of moral rectitude as to make lapse and the creation of bad characteristics impossible.

SANCTUM CHAT.

AT last the famous Cleopatra's needle has been towed down the Thames and set upon a pedestal prepared for it at the Adelphi Steps on the embankment. To ensure the landing a cradle of Dantyic timber, American oak and pitch-pine was constructed. Six hydraulic screw-jacks of 100 tons power, and two of 50 tons power, will be brought into requisition to place the obelisk in an upright position.

TO MARK the phonograph a perfect success it is necessary to have a perfectly durable pointer. Edison is anxious to procure a diamond-pointed needle for that purpose. The ordinary steel point now becomes blunted, and of course the vibrations are imperfectly registered on the tin-foil, and therefore lose their character upon being reproduced. The diamond point will overcome this difficulty.

SOME singular Assyrian relics have lately been found by a Mr. Rossam, who is making explorations in the East, not the least interesting of which are two copper monuments, on which are represented by embossment, battle scenes, dramatic amusements, and religious ceremonies. Each had two poles, out of which project seven arms or scrolls, containing representations of the Assyrian mode of going to battle and returning victorious. The king begins, before leaving home, by offering sacrifices and performing other devotional exercises.

IN FRANCE it is thought to be worthy of attention at least not to offend the public faith, if not always to please it exactly in every particular. One of the large hotels in Paris has been decorated by the most distinguished artists of that city. A great boar-hunting scene, by M. Lumenais, occupies one of the side walls of the restaurant, and in the roof panel of the largest saloon, are the Four Seasons, by M. Langee, in which each season is personated by a colossal female figure, accompanied by troops of little loves. The Cupids following Winter press their little fingers to their frozen lips, and strive to find shelter in the drapery which surrounds their mistress.

THERE is a utility in wishing when we work out our wishes, when we toil in the direction we wish, and when in proportion to the ardor of wishing is the earnestness of the toil. Let us by all means wish ourselves at the very top of the mountain, but let us not forget to keep climbing at the same times. Desire and endeavor should keep pace together. Wish and Will together are giants; and everything depends upon sowing the right kind of seed in the right kind of soil, but we shall never obtain valuable results from mere idle wishes. Our hearts and our energies work in unison towards a great goal, and we must have both heart and energy.

THE piano has become as important and as indispensable an adjunct to the household fixtures as the looking glass, and it is drummed upon and maltreated as if its sole use was to create a noise, especially on Summer evenings, and distract unmusical or thought-loving neighbors; whereas its true use is to render, under the touch of skillful performers, the best of harmony and melody. It is unfortunate for those who love music and who have sensitive ears, that good piano playing is a rarity, and that the rendition by that instrument of the works of the best masters, such as Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven, is so neglected in the family circle.

BALZAC in his interesting treatise on modern stimulants, "Les Excitants Modernes," set himself to study and describe the effects of coffee, tobacco, and wine. He was a stranger to tobacco and wine, but actually was a victim to coffee-drinking, of which he consumed from twelve to twenty cups a day, and for the very reason that coffee had such a strange hold upon him, wine could produce but little effect. On one occasion he resolved to dose himself with wine to the point of intoxication. The desired result having been brought about, he went to the Italian Opera, and he has not hesitated to tell all whom it might concern, how he ran up the grand staircase three steps at a time, entered the wrong box, talked in what he thought was an agreeable style to a lady with whom he had no previous acquaintance, and returned to his home in a dazed and uncomfortable condition. It is a question whether Balzac's excessive use of coffee was not the immediate cause of his decline and death; but he was known to be a terrific worker—his ordinary labor of actual composition occupying him from ten o'clock at night till dawn, and he was really compelled to keep awake by the stimulus of strong coffee.

FOR the purposes of his work in painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, Michael Angelo built a platform like a ship's deck, 130 feet long and 45 feet wide and 50 feet above the pavement. Upon this were moveable scaffolds for reaching the curved vaulting overhead; and since the platform was above the tops of the windows, parts of the flooring were arranged for easy removal, in order to admit light as well as to allow the artist to survey his work from the pavement below. For many months he toiled on in the gloomy spaces between the platform and the ceiling. Ever thus engaged looking upward, with backthrown head and straining eyes, his vision was so injured that for a long period he could read only by holding the page above his head. Some who have journeyed to Rome and have seen these most superb creations of human genius, have been a little disappointed on account of the faded colors of the fresco; not taking into account the grandeur of the designs, the beauty of the poses, and the wonderful modelling of the flesh and drapery. These grand pictures, illustrating scenes from the Bible, are the most magnificent works which art has produced. In conception and execution they are alike marvellous. There is a good photograph of the Sistine ceiling which gives an excellent idea of the pictures, and there is a series of very fine outlines of all the designs in an Italian work called "Il Vaticano," which is to be seen at the Philadelphia Mercantile, Franklin Institute and many other large libraries.

THOREAU says delightfully in his essay on walking: "I have met with one or two persons in the course of my life who understood the art of walking—that is, of taking walks—who had a genius, so to speak, for *sauntering*, which word is beautifully derived from idle people who roved about the country in the Middle ages, and asked charity under pretence of going *à la Sainte Terre*—to the Holy Land—till the children exclaimed: 'There goes a *Sainte Terrer*'—a saunterer—a Holy Lander. Those who never go to the Holy Lands in their walks, as they pretend, are indeed mere idlers and vagabonds; but they who do go there are saunterers in the good sense, such as I mean. Some, however, would derive the word from *sans terre*, without land or a home, which, therefore, in the good sense, will mean, having no particular home, but equally at home everywhere. For this is the secret of successful sauntering." It is in these delicious summer days that we should take the lessons of the season to heart, and turn saunterers in the sense which Thoreau interprets the phrase, and make our walks an actual pilgrimage to some Holy Land in the midst of groves, meadows, in quiet country lanes, in the wilderness of mountains, along the sublime seashore, and even in the suburban lanes of great cities; and in the romantic spots which each contains, find a true shrine whereat to worship and rejoice. There is no pleasure so cheap and so healthful as the pleasure of walking or sauntering, whether it be in town or country, and even in the town there is much to attract. Charles Lamb is an authority upon this point, for he preferred the bustle of the city and the marvels in the shop windows to the green fields and woods. It is a question of taste, of course, but we can learn a great deal by this delightful sauntering habit, if we only have leisure enough to enjoy it properly.

We often fancy that we suffer from ingratitude, when in reality we are suffering from self love.

ANONYMOUS CRITICISM.—X.

COMPILED BY MRS. E. D. WARD.

THE EVILS OF ANONYMOUS CRITICISM ILLUSTRATED IN THE EXPERIENCE OF AN AUTHOR.

—BY E. S. L.

"After humiliation comes exaltation," Catholics say; and true it is that out of these dark days of suffering, dawned the consolation which Providence has decreed shall follow such days, when men and women work for good ends, and not for evil ones.

That this essayist maintained her faith in this decree of Providence, through those (to her) terrible days of torture, in which malignant reviewers, false friends, and pestilential tale bearers held their carnival of gossip and slander, is shown in the MSS. quotations which precede those pages of the Scrap Book previously referred to, from which the writer of this article has gleaned the material for her sketch.

Those quotations read as follows:

"How much grows everywhere, if we do but wait. Not a difficulty but can transfigure itself into a triumph; not even a deformity but if our own soul have imprinted worth on it, will grow dear to us."—Carlyle.

——he that is glad at calamities, shall not be unpunished.—Prov. 17, 5.

"A thorough, persistent and vindictive hatred grows best, like clinging tetch and bindweed in a poor and shallow soil."

"The brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions; cowards have even fought—nay, sometimes conquered, but a coward never forgave; it is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul conscious of its own forces and security, and above all the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness."

"Our talents are given to us, our experiences in life are sent to us, to use for the good of mankind. Upon our use or abuse of them depends our happiness here and hereafter."

Following these quotations, comes the essay itself; and then, in the handwriting of the essayist is the following statement: "I wish to record here, that not one sentence in the following criticisms ever touched me. I read them all, as if they had been written of some Mrs. Struggles, as depicted by Mayo in his novel of "Never Again," for in no respect were they applicable to me. Some of the incidents narrated had a shred of truth in their foundation; others, not the least foundation. In fact. All were deprived of any sting because of their falsity, notwithstanding the saying, 'A lie that is partly true is the blackest kind of a lie.' It was the disgusting notoriety that it brought upon me which made me wish that they would burn me alive, instead of crucifying me as it were in the market-place, where every inhuman being could pelt me with mud and stones as long as life lasted. This was the kind of torture that shattered my nervous system, broke down my health, and made it necessary for me to leave my home for many months' sojourn abroad; but I did not go until the shameful prosecution had ceased—*not until the last article had appeared against me*, did my strength fail me, and my health give way."

Next in order are the series of reviews under the head of "Social Settlers," with explanatory comments, on the margin, as to the authors, inventors, etc., followed by the reviews entitled, "Our Best Society," and "*An Oracle of Gentility*"—the latter published in *The New York Tribune*, instigated by malignants in Philadelphia, it was stated at the time. Some of the briefer notices that appeared in the Sunday papers of this city, are placed next, one of which ends as follows:

"Covered with shame, her low birth and vulgar pretension unveiled, she lives in her fine house a pitiable object of warning and commiseration."

After this appears Mrs. L. T. Dickey's womanly and kind hearted appeal in behalf of the tortured author, the editorials in *The Day*, under the heading of "That Article in Lippincott;" "The Author of the Slanders Against its Author;" "Polite and Gentlemanly Critics;" the Paris Consulship;" "Offensive Personalities;" "Unappreciated Courtesies;" "American Social Settlers," and "Abuse of Press Privileges." [See addenda where this last editorial is given in full.]

After these newspaper articles, some of the *favorable* press notices of the essay on *Etiquette* are given, and the notices were all favorable that did not emanate from the clique that governed the *unfavorable* criticism in Philadelphia. Next follow private and anonymous letters of *insult*, the latter as unworthy of notice as are their writers; then Mr. A. R's article entitled "Settled Points of Criticism," and the letter (already quoted from) written in reply; "Pasteboard Politeness;" answer to "Pasteboard Politeness;" "Society in Philadelphia;" copy of a circular prepared by some "young men under twenty-one," and a ribald song, (composed by one who was seeking favors from its subject at the very time) both of which were widely circulated. The Scrap-Book ends with a letter from Mrs. Aubrey H. Smith, written after reading the entire collection; in which letter she expresses her humiliation at finding such facts placed on record as having transpired in the city of her birth, mingled with expressions of the indignation which "a full knowledge of the persecution" had kindled in her mind.

Were there no other known case of the abuse of press privileges by anonymous critics, this one alone should be sufficient to establish a different order of things, in the matter of reviews. In France, every critic should be required to sign his name to a review of a book, especially if he has stated his opinion in regard to the work.

Where the opinions are not given, if the review sets forth the aim, purpose and manner of a book, which is all that the reader desires from a reviewer, and the review is not signed with the name, then the editor should hold himself responsible for any and every misstatement that is made of the aim of the author, and print without demur, in the columns of his journal, the author's reply to charges brought against his work.

Many reviewers have, what a writer in the *Graphic* calls "the pernicious habit of giving their own opinions in regard to the books they review. It is an exhibition of self conceit altogether useless, and for all practical purposes worthless. What readers desire to know is the aim, purpose and manner of a book, not the opinion of the reviewer. Competent readers much prefer to do their own criticism, rather than accept the dictum of one who delights to be dressed in an opinion." Authors ought to unite in striving to create a public sentiment so strong that it cannot be trifled with, requiring every critic's name to be appended to his review. When this end is accomplished, and not before, will literature rid itself of that reproach of incapacity that is cast upon its followers now.

What wonder that literary men have no weight in our national legislation for the protection of their own interests, while every inventor of tools and utensils is able to protect himself. Authors, as a class, possess neither the courage nor energy to secure for themselves fair, open, honest and above-board criticism for the productions of their brains.

Is there an inventor of a washing-machine or a fire proof safe who would permit his rival in the trade to publish anonymous falsehoods concerning his invention? Are the products of the brains of thinkers and authors less worthy of defence, less deserving of protection?

In a recent article in the *North American Review*, Senator Angus Cameron, while very far from paying homage to the literary class, puts the point strongly. He said: "Until literary men, as a class, show as much capacity for the protection of their own interests as the less pretentious but more practical business men of all classes, their voices will have little weight in moulding national legislation. A distinguished namesake of mine, once Senator from Pennsylvania, has been widely criticized for speaking with a certain disrespect of 'those literary fellows.' Yet the Senator had a reason for his scorn of their dictation. Every inventor, for example, even of a mouse-trap, can secure, through national legislation and international treaties, protection for his mechanical skill in almost every nation. Yet Mr. Longfellow, and Mr. Emerson, and all the illustrious authors of the land, can not protect their productions one mile beyond the limits of the country."

"This is forcible, and represents one aspect of the question," says a writer in the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*, adding, "After all, "those literary fellows" may extract a compliment from the reproach.

Even from Mr. Cameron's indictment itself they may claim the advantage of disinterested unselfishness. Excepting, perhaps, actors and physicians called in upon an emergency, there is in fact no class of men so warm-hearted, so ready to offer all the resources of their slender purses to suffering humanity, as the men who constitue what Goldsmith termed the republic of letters. It is easy, therefore, to comprehend their comparative inability to make precautions such as purely business men do to preserve the fruits of their labor until it becomes a board as rich in honey as the profits of a swarm of bees in June. The story is old as the hills; but Emerson and Longfellow, like Wordsworth—and even Keats, after all his sufferings—have their reward. Their names are immortal. They are garlanded with perennial ivy and laurel and bay. Such honors as theirs there is no rust to corrode, no mildew to smirch. They had their own object in life. It was by the expression of noble thought in noble language to win immortality for their names—the *non omnis moriar*—the "I shall not altogether die," as Horace said, with exultation so triumphant. And thus it is that these apostles of thought and high priests of intellect attain their object and win the goal. They set to themselves an end to a race, and reach it by paths different from those chosen by Golden Dustmen.

Is it not possible that, while enriching humanity by the fruit of their brains, they have eschewed the evil and chosen the good? And is it not possible that the politicians, by a refusal to consent to any scheme for an international copyright, are simply consenting to the wholesale plunder and robbery of the greatest benefactors of mankind?"

This is all very well as long as it is only a question of money; but when character is assailed, is not the character of an author as dear to him as it is to the inventor of the washing machine, and the fire-proof safe? Is the gold to be protected in the safe? or is the money that lies in a patented washing-machine of more value than is "the gold of a good name?" God forbid that authors should be less sensitive than inventors, where the moral and the immoral influence of their writings is concerned! God forbid that when their own characters are assailed, their standard of duty degraded, they should show less capacity of defense than these inventors!

So regardless have many authors been of the "base criticism" with which their works have been attacked, that they have contented themselves by exclaiming with Ruskin: "There is not to my mind a more woful or wonderful matter of thought, than the power of a fool!" and have with the patience of a mule, or a donkey, borne the fool's assaults. Yet the fool, by Ruskin's own showing, is able to stop any design, no matter how great, nor how good: "Twenty wise men have helped it forward but a few inches, and the fool of a critic may put it back; there is no evil so great or so terrible, but that, after a multitude of counsellors have taken means to avert it, a single fool will bring it down." Sometimes it seems as though the anonymous critic took delight in arrogating to himself such privileges, in displaying his motley, his bells, his badge and bauble, that all the world may see he is a fool. Such a one once criticised a novel sharply, holding up to ridicule certain alleged exploits of one of its characters. There was no such person in the novel, no such exploits, and nothing at all resembling them. The reviewer first created the character, and then invented his performances, drawing the reader's attention to the absurdity of the character, and its ridiculous doings. Of course, it was an anonymous review, and the author had no recourse but to submit to it, as there was no one to be held responsible. Had he discovered the author of the review, he might have found one whom he had befriended; for sad as it is to know that it is so, it is they who have received benefits that, as a rule, make such returns for benefactions.

"But, (quotation again from the MSS. book) even where injuries have been received for benefits, if you would know the happiness that true nobility of soul confers upon its possessor, forgive and, as far as possible, forget."

"It makes one ashamed of human nature to think that the reward which the world makes to those who brighten its dullness and delight its leisure, is—slander," says Bulwer.

Upon no subject has there been a greater variety of opinion expressed than upon the compensation which the author finds in his work, for the abuse that he receives. One writer tells us that there is no happiness on earth to equal that which the author feels, as day by day he sees the creations of his fancy grow and develop under his pen; that his talent lends light and color to the poorest life; that all sickness of the soul is cured by the performance of such work. Others, again, say that the artistic temperament is too sensitive to its own failures, too dependent on appreciation for much happiness to be obtained from it.

Zimmerman says: "A man of reflecting and intrepid mind, who retires within his own bosom seizes *truth* wherever he discovers her, and regards with that tranquil smile of pity those who think themselves authorized to speak of her with contempt; he hears without being disconcerted, the invectives which envy and prejudice throw out against him, for he perceives a weak multitude making 'hue and cry' the moment he opens his hand and unloosens one of the truths which it contains."

If this be so, then the author may find a compensation for all slander, all misrepresentation, all treachery, whether it come to him through *anonymous criticisms*, or by the back fittings of the envious, or from trust betrayed and friendship outraged.

"But breathe the air
Of mountains, and their unapproachable summits
Will lift thee to the level of themselves.
Their own thoughts
Are their companions, their designs and labors,
And aspirations are only friends"

whom they can wholly trust. The great Swedish sage, Oxenstierna, had engraved on a stone of his house these lines, which still arrest the attention of passers-by:

"Rid thyself of thine enemy,
Trust not too much to thy friend."

Where there is no trust, there can be no betrayal. It is they who are wounded in the houses of their friends, and not they who find unexpected enemies in acquaintances, that know what the word "betrayed" means, in its *fullest* significance.

The essayist has an absolute right to handle every topic that he or she may select to write upon, as needed in the education of public opinion, or in the forming of correct ideas as to social duties and obligations. Every writer is entitled to an expression of opinion in regard to matters essential to the maintaining of peace and harmony of social life, as well as in reference to science, politics, and other subjects.

This right was denied to the author of "Unsettled Points of Etiquette," who, over and over, was represented as being "low born," "ill bred," "wanting in brains," and, in every particular unfit to treat the topic she had chosen.

When a woman has been held up publicly as an object of ridicule, when her character has been misrepresented as publicly, it is a work of humanity to refute the charges, and to prove the baseness of the detractors in an equally public manner.

The writer of this history has conscientiously tried to accomplish this end, and at the same time she has also tried to keep before the reader the fact that "behind every book that is written, behind every production of the pen, there is a man or a woman capable of suffering, liable to be grievously wronged," and that, therefore, a great responsibility rests upon each reviewer—a responsibility in the cause of truth and justice, which, in proportion to his sense of it, is (unknown to himself) forming his character, and helping to build his destiny.

The temptation to be *smart* at the expense of truth and justice, is a great one; but as "truth is the foundation of character," what will the reviewer who yields to this temptation have in the way of character, when the flippancy of youth settles down into habits of life, and all sense of truth and justice is lost? What sadder sight than to see a human being merely tolerated for fear of his malignant pen; or avoided, because of the peculiarities which "the handcuffs of bad habits" have fastened upon him, and despised because he possesses no qualities worthy of respect or friendship? This is the end of the unprincipled reviewer, as well as of all men and of all women who are wanting in those qualities that endear them to their kind.

"They who have strong enemies, also have strong friends," it has been said; but the class of reviewers of which we have been writing, have neither enemies nor friends. They are beneath contempt, and too low in the scale of being to merit friendship. They are simply objects of indifference, pitied, perhaps, by some; but it is better to be maligned by envious tongues, than it is to be objects of pity.

"Again, I considered all travail and every right work, that for this a man is envied by his neighbor."—Ecclesiastes 4, 4.

When slanderous tales were brought to Rubens, concerning himself, he answered: "My maxim is, *do well*, and you will make others envious; *do better*, and you will master them."

[ERRATA FOR LAST WEEK'S PAPER—NO. X.]

For "*incenous*," read "*iniquous*;" for "persons of *wealth* and culture;" read "persons of *worth* and culture;" for "dictated by a *flattering* tongue," read "dictated by a *faltering* tongue;" for "*petted* with ridicule," read "*pelted*," etc.; for "the critics *welfare*," read "*we fear*."

Facts about Fans.

The fundamental idea of the fan is said to have been hit upon many centuries ago at a certain Feast of Lanterns, where the beautiful Kan-si, daughter of an eminent mandarin, found herself so hot that, contrary to all etiquette, she was obliged to take off her mask; with which, partly to hide her blushes and partly to cool her heated face, she commenced upon herself the process which we now call fanning. The action was seen and admired by Kan-si's young companions, and at once, says the narrator of this truthful legend, ten thousand hands agitated ten thousand masks. Other writers have discovered the origin of the fan in the necessity felt in all hot countries for keeping off the flies, whether from sacred offerings in the temples or from the hands and faces of the officiating priests, or from the persons of the population generally. In India and China the original model of the fan is said to have been the wing of a bird, and an admirable fan may be always made of two birds' wings, joined by a strip of wood. The fan of the high priests of Isis was in the form of a half circle, made of feathers of different lengths. Such, too, were the fans carried in triumphal processions, and which among the Egyptians served as military standards in time of war. The Sibyls are said to have been in the habit of fanning themselves as they delivered their oracles—the fan being evidently not regarded in those days as in any way connected with frivolity.

The fans carried by the Roman ladies were not, like the most ancient Chinese fans, made in one piece, whether of paper, gauze or silk, but were composed of little tablets of perfumed wood. The ladies of high fashion were followed when they went out walking by fan-bearers, and guests of both sexes were fanned at dinner by slaves charged with that particular duty. The earliest reference to fans on the part of a classical author occurs in Euripides' tragedy of "Helena," in which one of the characters, a eunuch, relates how, according to the Phrygian custom, he has fanned the hair, face and bosom of the beautiful heroine.

The fans of the Middle Ages were in good society worn suspended from the girdle by chains of gold, and were usually made of feathers; those of the peacock, ostrich, parrot and pheasant being preferred. They were sold in large numbers in the markets of the Levant, whence they were sent direct to Venice, and from Venice to other parts of Italy. The fan is said to have been introduced in France by Catherine de Medicis, where it was quickly adopted not only by women, but by effeminate men. Thus Henry III.'s notorious mignons habitually carried fans. Under Louis XIV. and XV. the art of painting ornamental fans was brought to great perfection. Among the celebrated painters who have not disdained to employ their talents in the artistic decoration of the fan, Watteau and his successor Boucher must first be named. In our own time, Diaz, the great colorist; Eugene Lami, chiefly known by his marine pictures; Hamon, the painter of scenes from ancient Roman life; and Gavarni, celebrated as a caricaturist, but who has exercised his talent in almost every style of pictorial art, have all painted fans. The French Fanmakers' Company was established by edict in 1675, when to be received into the guild or corporation it was declared necessary to have served four years apprenticeship, and to have produced a masterpiece. The masterpiece, however, was not required of the sons of fanmakers, or of apprentices who had married fanmakers' daughters.

A great many processes are employed in fan making. The frame has to be cut, shaped, polished, trimmed, engraved, inlaid, painted, gilt and riveted. The web has to be printed, gummed, colored and retouched. Yet after passing through so many hands, fans can be sold in Paris at one sou apiece. This is the lowest possible figure; the highest quotation, except in special cases, as where the talents of a great painter are called into requisition, being $400. Fans are broadly divided into two classes, those consisting of one web of paper or silk, and those which are made up of several thin strips of wood or other material. The former are held to be the best for fanning, the latter for shutting, or for the manœuvre known in the days of the Spectator as "flirting" the fan.

It was during the reign of Elizabeth, about the year 1570, that fans were first imported into England. They are said to have been brought from Italy, but probably reached England through France.

HURRY and cunning are the apprentices of dispatch and skill, but they never learn the master's trade.

FAREWELL.

BY H. W. HOLLEY.

I cannot breathe with my farewell
A word of vain regret,
Still, though I thus can mem'ry quell,
This feeling lingers yet:
That not in vain has been for me
The lesson I have learned—
When passions strive for mastery,
True faith is overturned.

I thought it was an idle tale
That love was sordid, base;
But then, in this, hast torn the veil
Of blindness from my face.
I see, with eyes undimmed by tears,
How false a heart is thine,
That calmly breaks the hopes of years
At Mammon's venal shrine!

CASQUE AND GLOVE

By Hale Lewison.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

DECISIVE STEPS BY JOHN HOMBERT.

If Gardnill the tool had even kicked Mr. Jeek, the latter would not have resented it at the cost of losing his instrument. But as Hombert was of no use to Jeek, and indeed might stand seriously in his way, the lawyer at once resolved upon vengeance for his ouster from the surveyor's office.

His revenge and the interest of his scheme running thus in the same channel, Jeek chewed his beard with more than ordinary gusto while he revolved the matter in his mind.

But the lawyer's mode of avenging himself by no means involved another meeting with Hombert, and the latter therefore saw no more of his late visitor for a time. As Jeek matured his plans, Hombert progressed as he could with Nell. He was at the Gardnill residence when he was in Millfield at the time he had mentioned to Mrs. Gardnill, and when he returned from the surveying jaunt which he was on at that time, he easily found a pretext for another call. On this occasion he was rewarded with an invitation from Mrs. Gardnill to eat his Thanksgiving dinner in her house.

Sitting with Nell on the evening of that day, Hombert found her singularly changed from the disposition which—with intervals, surely; she was a woman—was habitual in his presence. He had noticed a constraint about her manner ever since he entered the house; but this was speedily developed into what had the appearance of positive perversity when he was alone with her. The more decided manifestation was begun in this way:

"Thanksgiving is a great day with our people in the East," Hombert remarked.

"I don't like the day!" Nell replied.

"Why?"

"There is more pretense than usual on that day. People pretend thankfulness whether they have reason for it or not."

"I hope you do not count yourself with those who have no cause," he said, recoiling from the tone of her speech.

"Few women have cause. I cannot expect to be an exception to the rule."

"Most women," he rejoined, with the chill upon him which her cynical moods always brought, "are happy in their affections, and surely that is a reason for thankfulness."

"You know my opinion about that."

"Leah and Rachel again?" he asked with forced cheerfulness; but he thought a little wearily, Am I ever to cure her of that sad mistake?

"Yes," she answered coldly, "Leah and Rachel. Woe to the tender eyed!"

Hombert had the keen sensitiveness of a gentleman, and the girl's words and manner cut him to the heart—a cruel, wanton hurt, it seemed to him. If she classed herself among the tender-eyed, did not her infirmity especially compel him to her? Had no dim perception of this ever crossed her mind, to check mere wantonness, if not to excite gratitude? If it had not, then indeed did she stand in need of forbearance and tenderness beyond what he had ever thought.

"Miss Gardnill," he said in his pain; "won't you do me the justice to believe that I at least could not act upon such motives as you attribute to all men?"

"If you wish," she replied. "But still it would have been better if I had never met you."

This had the appearance of a predetermined quarrel. How much should a man in honor bear? Ah, no! not that! Rather how much was due to her woman's nature, how much to recent aggravations, how much to her infirmity? A man should not measure his endurance.

He had made no answer when she suddenly rose and said:

"Will you excuse me a moment? I have forgotten something for grandma."

She had reached the door, when she stopped.

"But wait!" she cried, turning and approaching him as she hastily drew a bit of paper from her dress. "Here is a letter you dropped when you were here last. I should have given it to you before, but I have kept it very safely."

She gave him the paper and vanished before he could speak. There was no envelope on the letter, and it was folded so that the top of the first page was exposed. There was the address in a pretty feminine hand:

"My Dear, Dear John:"

A light broke upon Hombert. But where was the envelope? Ah! he had seen something fluttering to Nell's feet as she drew forth the letter. That was the envelope, doubtless. He picked it up. It was an enamelled card, and on the side that had been downward was an exquisitely delicate miniature portrait of himself, with the single word "John" under it. She had drawn it from memory, of course, but it was marvellously true, and executed with infinite care. He looked at it with a wonderful thrill of pleasure for an instant, and then quickly replaced the card on the floor, face downward as it had fallen. Not for the world would he willingly have thus possessed himself of the girl's secret.

The next moment Nell entered the room hurriedly.

"I have lost a card somewhere!" she exclaimed with agitation. "Did you see it here? Oh, there it is!"

She seized the card and flashed it out of sight before Hombert could stoop for it.

He had something for her to look at then. Carefully refolding the letter she had given him, so that the last page was exposed, he held it out to her and asked:

"Don't you think that a very fair hand for a girl of sixteen?"

Of course she must look at it—that letter with its "Dear, Dear John." She looked, but the words she saw on the refolded paper were these:

"Dear mother sends love.
Your Affectionate Sister, Alice."

"It is a beautiful hand!" said Nell slowly. "I never saw a prettier."

Ah, Nell, Nell! did you think so when you read only the "Dear, Dear John" on the other side?

"Will you sing to me?" he asked.

She answered in song, and once more the tuneful voices rang.

* * * * * * *

John Hombert possessed that jewel of jewels, a loyal heart. He would be true to his own. This girl he had resolved to take to himself, if she would, and with true loyalty—swayed by no wavering purpose, controlled by no fickle fancy—he went on, putting her always at her best in his remembrance. Ah! how quickly one single honest purpose like this would dissipate the unhappiness which it is the fashion to find after marriage!

Being of this constant mind, Hombert had come to reflect that the decisive moment should not be greatly delayed. It was not on his own account that he had refrained from bringing the matter to an issue at once, but that the girl, seeing his intention made plain by his conduct, might consider it fully.

Many weeks had passed since the affair at Port Sangus, but Hombert still heard of it occasionally—often enough to renew his impatience to right the girl, if it had needed a spur. The effect of this was to urge him on to the crisis. But the drop that filled the bucket to overflowing came in this way:

Hombert had arrived in Millfield with a few hours to spare before going further on professional business. He was walking rapidly from the station toward the Gardnill residence, when he met Mr. Morrick, the heavy citizen whose opinion had been so frankly expressed at the time of the first visit to Nell.

"John," said Mr. Morrick, with unusual cordiality, as he took the young man's arm, "I want you to come up to my house. For a particular reason, John. The fact is, I don't think I've done exactly right by you about that disagreeable affair, you know. I want to make up for it. I want to take you by the hand."

"I never doubted your good intentions, though I thought you a little hasty, Mr. Morrick," responded Hombert, much gratified.

"Yes, yes; but I'll make it all right; so shall Mrs. Morrick. We ought to have taken you by the hand."

"I am sincerely grateful, sir," Hombert said. "I have been so misunderstood, so carelessly condemned, that——"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Mr. Morrick impatiently—"but we'll soon have you out of it. Come with me—I'm just going up for an early tea."

"Will you let me excuse myself now, and call in an hour?" Hombert asked. "I don't like to ask it, after your kind expressions; but the truth is, I've an appointment——"

"Don't ask it, John!" exclaimed Mr. Morrick—"don't ask it! I have taken you by the hand, John, and when I take a young man by the hand, he don't slip back so easily!"

Hombert was fain to yield, fearing that he really could not escape without giving offense. But he began to have misgivings about the taking by the hand.

Arrived at the Morrick mansion, his doubts were soon increased.

"Mrs. Morrick," exclaimed the heavy citizen, "here is John Hombert. I want you to take him by the hand!"

Mrs. Morrick—small and mussy, a dull reflection of Mr. Morrick—formally took Hombert by the hand, and he experienced a sensation as of grasping a piece of moist dough.

"Mrs. Tossip," said Morrick again, "you have met John Hombert. You will join us?"

Mrs. Tossip—widow; age, forty; sister to Mrs. Morrick; object in life, to find a successor to Tossip, deceased, who succeeded Beegull and Swinson, divorced—graciously took Hombert by the hand.

"Martha dear," said Mrs. Tossip sweetly to her sister, "we ladies should be grateful for an opportunity like this. We are too apt to seem mere butterflies, flitting from flower to flower only to sip their sweets!"

Mrs. Tossip seemed to be a remarkably healthy butterfly of about two hundred pounds weight.

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Hombert, somewhat aghast; his reception and Mrs. Tossip's speech seemed to be such as a pardoned criminal might get.

"Those who fail to comprehend the wonderful mystery of woman's being," Mrs. Tossip explained, "often imagine that ——Oh, here comes Mr. Forseth!"

"Mr. Forseth," cried Morrick, seizing that gentleman as he entered, "here is John Hombert, the young man we were speaking of to-day. You will take him by the hand!"

"Take him by the hand?" exclaimed Forseth with hearty good humor, "why not? You wouldn't expect me to take him by the ear? Mr. Hombert, I'm glad to know you!"

"Thank you!" returned Hombert heartily. "I am happy to meet you, sir. I was somewhat dull in comprehending a remark this lady made, and——"

"One of Mrs. Tossip's jokes, I warrant!" interrupted Forseth. "Never mind; when you're as old as I am, you won't try to understand the ladies."

"Mr. Forseth!" said Mrs. Tossip with much severity, "I believe your mother was A Woman!"

"Oh, yes! no doubt of it!" replied Forseth, and waited.

But Mrs. Tossip, instead of proceeding with any remarks, only regarded him—like a rather soggy butterfly, it must be confessed—as if she had delivered a most exhaustive argument.

"I beg pardon—I thought you were going to say something," Forseth said.

"Mr. Forseth!" exclaimed the butterfly, severely, "your wife is A Woman, I believe!"

"Certainly. I don't know much about the mysteries of the female heart, but I couldn't make such a mistake as to marry a male."

"Your mother was A Woman," proclaimed the butterfly, "and your wife is A Woman—like other women."

"Really, I don't know; I fear not!" rejoined Forseth. "I think she may be a little off the model—in her heart, for instance. I've had that in keeping for twenty years, and positively there's nothing at all mysterious about it; the simplest little heart you ever saw—room in it for only two things, love and trust."

"Ah!" sighed the butterfly, becoming more soggy than ever as she contemplated the hopelessness of the aspiration she was about to utter, "I hope—I do hope she feels no unsatisfied yearnings when the grand destiny of her being rises before her!"

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed Forseth reproachfully; "you mean that maybe I don't send her to church with a new bonnet when the spring fashions come out. But I do! Bless her! she shall buy a whole millinery shop if she likes!"

Forseth's pleasant brown eyes twinkled mischievously. Mrs. Tossip gave a little sigh and cast her eyes upward, to indicate the utter hopelessness of poor Mrs. Forseth's case.

Mr. Morrick—reflected, as usual, by Mrs. Morrick—had during this passage been trying to look appreciatively happy, and succeeded in looking idiotic. In truth, to really please him with such badinage would have been about as easy as to tickle the Sphynx with a feather.

Mr. Morrick now manifested his fine sensibility by saying:

"Forseth, you agree with me, I know, that it is high time we did something for John Hombert, in view of the new unpleasantness I told you of, in connection with his unfortunate——"

"Excuse me," interrupted Forseth, "I certainly cannot presume to discuss matters so purely personal to Mr. Hombert."

"But you wouldn't refuse to take a young man by the hand!" exclaimed Morrick in amazement.

"Why, no!" rejoined Forseth, with a return of his good humor—"I won't refuse! Mr. Hombert, here's my hand! Mind, now! If I ever hear of your burning a city, or spreading a pestilence, I'll never shake hands with you again! Until then, command me!"

"My dear sir," Hombert returned with right good will, "there's no danger of mistaking you! I thank you! I have been somewhat puzzled and astonished, I confess——"

"Ha! ha! by Mrs. Tossip's jokes, I warrant!" laughed Forseth.

"You didn't expect us to take you by the hand!" exclaimed Morrick, gushing with meek benevolence.

"Ah! how little any of you understand the Female Heart! They will insist we are mere butterflies, Martha dear!" sighed Mrs. Tossip.

"Oh, indeed!" began Mrs. Morrick, reflecting—"how little any of you—expect us to take you——" But here the reflector, finding that Mr. Morrick and Mrs. Tossip had somehow got mixed up, heads and points, ceased to reflect.

"I was about to say," resumed Hombert, "that I have imagined some allusion was intended here to the relation I bear to a young lady——"

"Oh! Oh!" gasped the butterfly. She threw her head back with her handkerchief half raised, as if there would not be time to get it to her nose before she floated off, the whole two hundred weight, upon her swelling emotion.

Hombert restrained his rising anger and spoke calmly:

"Pray, madam, do you know, outside of the affair in which I am concerned, anything against the lady referred to?"

"Oh, no!" sighed the butterfly faintly, as if this was really too painful.

"Then let me ask if you know the facts which were made the excuse for the slander by insinuation?"

"Oh, no!" fluttered the butterfly in the same way.

"Then," said Hombert, stepping out before the party, "I bid you good-bye. Had I been quicker of perception, I should not have come here to be 'taken by the hand' like a ticket of leave man!"

He made his obeisance and left the house before another word was spoken.

Walking rapidly down the street, greatly irritated by the stupid insult that had been put upon him, he was soon accosted by a voice behind him, and presently Forseth came up, out of breath.

"I beg your pardon, Hombert," exclaimed Forseth, "but I didn't want you to go away without some explanation. I'm Morrick's Eastern partner, you know, and therefore at liberty to speak for him, in some sense. Besides, it may be well for you to know what it was that moved him at this time."

Hombert was out of all patience.

"Why should people feel free to overhaul my affairs as if I were a public malefactor?" he cried.

"I don't wonder at your feeling, but I admire your self command!" Forseth said kindly.

The young man was instantly cooled.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Forseth," he returned—"it was a rude speech, but I have been greatly annoyed. I shall be happy to hear what you are so kind as to propose telling me."

"Why," responded Forseth, "it is not much, and may not be worth telling. I cannot say. Do you know a Port Sangus lawyer named Jeek?"

"I put him out of my office once—that's all I know of him."

"That may explain a little apparent vindictiveness on his part," Forseth went on. "Well, word came to Morrick in a roundabout way—through Mrs. Tossip, in fact—that this Jeek is employed by Mrs. Gardnill's husband to assist him in what appear to be persecutions of the family here—for what purpose I don't know. The story is that Gardnill tried to return to them, and his wife drove him away. I think there must be something more than that at the bottom of it. But, at all events, Jeek and Gardnill beset Mrs. Gardnill's daughter not long ago, for some purpose, and failed."

"What—Nell! The cowardly ruffians!" cried Hombert, aflame.

"Yes; they found her alone, away from the house, and left her in a swoon on the approach of a neighbor. Some wandering words she uttered pending recovery, led to the belief that she had been threatened in connection with your name."

"My poor girl! My poor girl! To keep all these tortures to herself!" cried Hombert in an agony of pity.

"You don't hear of them then?"

"Only incidentally, as I hear of this. I shall strangle that villain yet!"

"That is your own affair, of course; but you had better think it over first. You might get into serious trouble."

"That is true!" Hombert agreed. "I can't afford that! I can't be shut up and leave them entirely to his mercy!"

"No!" said Forseth. "Well, to come back to the point, the word that came to Morrick was that Jeek has drawn the papers for an application for divorce by Gardnill, and one of the allegations is that his wife allows her daughter to 'harbor' you—that is their expression—and then the fact of the Port Sangus affair is recited, and the petition declares that all this greatly scandalizes Gardnill."

Hombert's hair seemed to rise at the atrocity of this.

"I cannot help thinking," Forseth continued, "that this news was purposely put in Morrick's way, knowing him to be an old friend of your family, to excite him to interfere with his influence to keep you away from the girl hereafter. That was what he intended to do to night, putting it on the ground of saving your name from further disgraceful association, as he calls it."

Hombert was trembling with the violence of his emotions—sympathy for Nell and rage against Jeek. But his voice was steady as he said scornfully:

"I am already without the pale, then, in their estimation. Their taking me by the hand was intended as an invitation to return!"

"That is it!" Forseth assented.

Hombert's pain was visible in his face. No stain, or suspicion of evil, had ever before rested upon the name he bore. Perhaps Forseth thought he was wavering, for he went on:

"I confess I do not understand why, if Jeek wants revenge, he should warn you away; and yet I believe he caused the news to come to Morrick. In short—you won't mind my saying this, my friend—it seems that somehow you are in conflict with some very bad elements, and are likely to have no end of mud, if nothing worse, cast upon you. Under these circumstances, it is for you to decide what you will do."

Hombert took his companion's hand and said steadily:

"Mr. Forseth, I thank you for what you have told me. Throughout this wretched affair I have had no guide but my own sense of honor. I shall show myself worthy of your generous confidence by still following that counsellor. If Miss Nell Gardnill will marry me, I shall know it within an hour; and if she does, it might be better that Jeek had never been born than that he should meddle further with me or mine! Good night. I thank you!"

* * * * * * *

Jeek had drawn the divorce papers only to annoy if they did not frighten the parties concerned. He sent the news to Morrick, hoping that Hombert would desert the Gardnills, but certain that in any event he would thirst for revenge. That the young man would restrain his vengeance for the girl's sake, and be actually driven to her by her persecutions, Jeek never imagined, for he could not take account of motives of whose existence he had never dreamed.

Jeek was prepared for a visit of vengeance from Hombert. A sodden faced, ashen-eyed fugitive from justice, with the muscles of an ox and the conscience of a cat, had been prowling about after Jeek since the new movement was got under way. Wherever Jeek went, the renegade was slouching after him; when the lawyer entered an office or other business place, his retainer lounged about the entrance until he reappeared. And often the lawyer looked at the coarse sinews of his human brute, and longed for the appearance of Hombert bent upon revenge!

CHAPTER VI.

A SURRENDER AND A DEFIANCE.

After leaving Forseth, Hombert walked rapidly until he was in front of the Gardnill residence. Then he bethought himself to court composure by a little walking at a slower pace, before presenting himself to the ladies.

He would not betray his possession of knowledge which they chose not to communicate. Half an hour made him quite cool, and he entered the house.

There was a trouble in the face of Mrs. Gardnill which all her art could not hide. Knowing how quick Hombert was to blame himself beyond his deserts for all their late misfortunes, both mother and daughter were careful to conceal the pain those misfortunes brought. Nell, indeed, in her passion over the letter Hombert dropped in the house, had once made an allusion to his connection with her troubles; but this was in an unguarded moment, and contrary to the rule.

Hombert's pains to cool himself before meeting the ladies, seemed, as long as Mrs. Gardnill was present, to have been well taken and effective. But when, a little later, he found himself alone with Nell, and began to consider in what manner he should speak to her, all precautions went for naught. He felt that he was rapidly getting into a fever of anxiety, and that he was constrained even in ordinary conversation.

Why should he be anxious? He could but make his offer; to that he was bound, not only by his first deliberate resolve, but by his subsequent conduct. He had never thought how he should do it, nor that there would be any difficulty about it, more than about any other plain, straightforward piece of business, which had never bothered him.

Now, however, at the decisive moment, he was anxious, nervous, and sadly at a loss. Why should he be disturbed? He looked at the pale face of the girl—so calm, so unconscious of the tumult in his breast—and as he looked, the truth dawned upon him.

He loved her!

This, then; was the grand passion! This was what poets sing of, and novelists write about! This light that shone upon the woman before him, and upon no other; this great tenderness; this resistless yearning; this vast hunger of the heart; this doubt part hidden and this fear out half confessed; this longing to take her, to soothe and fondle her, to possess her, to see her happy!

He owned the passion to himself, and wondered that he had not known of its growth. He felt it burning in his face and tingling in his veins. Still his words came not. Would she not see it without words as it consumed him?

The girl's pale face gave no sign of answer.

"Won't you sing for me?" he asked suddenly, desperate with unexpressed desire.

She sang, and he listened wondering if his love was born unrecognized on that September evening on the lake.

The song ended.

"Nell!" he cried impetuously, as he took her hand in her surprise, "will you be my wife?"

She was fairly taken by storm. With one startled look into his eyes, she turned her face away and hid it, weeping.

Words came to him fast enough then. He poured into her ears a torrent of passionate protestation, entreaty, promise, and hope. And still it seemed to him that she must fail to understand because of the inadequacy of his speech.

Slowly but persistently she withdrew her hand from his grasp, and turned her wet face toward him.

"Why should you also torture me?" she asked with quivering lips, but in firm tones.

The question scarcely checked the torrent of his words.

Then she grew calmer, and at last interrupted him.

"Stop!" she exclaimed almost harshly. "Do not talk to me any more! I wish that I had never seen you!"

Her tone, not less than her words, cut him to the heart.

"Nell! dear Nell!" he cried. "If you had seen my heart at any moment since we first met, you could not have spoken that! You could not!"

"Why not?" she asked in a strangely cold way. "I could say that, and more! I could say that, since we met, I have seen such trouble as I never saw before! I could say that you have made me"—she hesitated, and then went on with vehemence—"made me reveal myself! You did that in the boat; and the first time you were here, when I kissed your hand; and the night I gave you the letter; and you have done it to-night, by cruelly, cruelly talking of what can never be, and never ought to be!"

Hombert could speak more reasonably now, for he was settling into a sudden despair. In love, heaven and hell are but a span apart. Between, love's wandering path runs blindly; and none may tell whether at its next turning his brow will be scorched by flames or fanned by balmy zephyrs.

"Nell," he said, "this is no idle purpose I am here upon! Tell me why it should not be!"

"I will not say it in words!" she cried; "you know why; you shall not make me speak it! You have made me suffer enough already!"

The accusation stung him.

"Nell," he exclaimed, "I cannot endure this—I must end it! I have spoken to you honestly. I cannot read your riddles. Will you speak plainly, or must I go?"

"You may go!"

"Good bye, Nell! May God bless you, and some day let you understand my heart!"

He struggled with his speech as he said this, and, having finished, stooped quickly and kissed her cheek, and turned away.

"John!" she called softly when he had reached the door.

He came back doubting.

When he was again before her, she took a little card from her bosom, and said wearily:

"John—I may call you so once, for I have written it so here—John, here is a little—a little picture I made before I was certain that it could not be as you ask. I shall not want the picture now. Don't blame me, John, for what I cannot help. For I could not—I could not—I could not—see your Rachel come! It would kill me!"

She gave him the little thing she held in her hand. Ah, me! it was the card with his picture, which he saw on the floor one memorable night.

She was weeping again, this time as if her heart was broken. But she was defiant no longer. She had nothing left to contend for, nothing to defend. Did not her heart lay bare and bleeding before him?

With a profounder emotion than he had ever before known, he took her to his arms unresisting. It was indeed a revelation which she had made—a revelation of depths that he had never sounded.

"Oh, my darling! my darling!" he cried with infinite tenderness, "what a cruel, cruel wrong you have done yourself!"

But he turned from her no more. With patience as well as passion, he told her of his love and strove to give her confidence in its steadfastness. What woman, longing so to be convinced, could long hold out in doubt?

So love had come to take the place of duty in binding John Hombert to Nell—love, which, they tell us, comes not at will, nor goes away when bidden.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THAT OLD HOOP SKIRT.

BY ALICE J. MCALILEY.

"What on earth is the matter with this old hoop skirt, aunt Susie?" cried Amy Phelps, from a pile of rubbish she was overhauling in her aunt's garret.

The skirt certainly did present a deplorable condition as Amy held it up for inspection; the hoops were twisted into all imaginable shapes, while the last four were bent to a point.

Mrs. Phelps gave them one glace and then burst into laughter, in which Amy joined heartily, for no other reason, than because of her aunt's merriment, who when she became sufficiently calm related to Amy the story of the hoop skirt.

"It has been quite a number of years, my dear, since hoopskirts came into fashion, and I, like my girl friends, was not satisfied until I possessed one, but I only wore it a few times and never owned another, nor should I preserve this one, had it not been for its close association with the courtship of your uncle Dick and myself."

"The idea of a hoopskirt having anything to do with courtship," said Amy, with a dainty air of disdain.

Mrs. Phelps smiled indulgently upon her pretty niece, and continued her story.

"We were all at home at the dear old homestead on Willow Farm—father, mother, brother Frank, and myself—Frank had just returned from college, bringing with him Dick Phelps, a fellow student, to spend the summer vacation, and as there were several young ladies visiting me, we formed quite a merry circle—indeed we were so completely occupied with picnics, excursions, boatings, and parties, that the time flew by unheeded. At last, however, Frank and Dick began to talk of returning to college, which was to open in about two weeks.

"Now Dick and I had become the best of friends within the past few weeks, and one fact particularly noticeable was that he had confined his attentions to me alone, although many wistful glances were cast upon his handsome face and figure, from the eyes of my girl friends.

"But not until I thought of his departure did it enter my mind that I cared for him; and then—as I was conscious of a dull feeling of disappointment—I told myself that it was only regret that I should lose his pleasant company that made me feel so.

"Nevertheless, as I went into the garden one morning to gather fresh flowers for the vases, I wondered if he did not care just a little for me, and I began to enumerate the delicate compliments he had paid me, and every tender look and action—that had passed unnoticed at the time—came up before me, as I seated myself on a garden bench to arrange the flowers I had gathered.

"So engrossed was I in my thoughts that I did not notice Dick's approach, and I was quite startled upon looking up suddenly to see him standing almost beside me, his eyes fixed with grave scrutiny upon my face.

"'He has been reading my thoughts,' was what first entered my mind, and the telltale blood rushed into my face at the mere idea of such a disgrace.

"After making some commonplace remark, he sat down beside me, and silently watched me as I hurriedly finished my task with hands trembling with nervousness, while my temper was fast rising at his continued silence.

"In my discomfiture I tried in vain to think of something to talk about, and at last unable to endure the awkward silence longer, I made a movement to go, but Dick suddenly grasped my hand, and in a hurried and, to my ideas, very unromantic way, declared his love for me and his desire to make me his wife, concluding by saying that if he was not mistaken in my actions, he felt convinced that I returned his affection.

"But coming, as he did, upon me in such an unexpected way, and feeling quite sure that my face had betrayed my unmaidenly thoughts, I could not feel otherwise than irritable, so I answered him, with just the least sarcasm in the world, that he was very presuming if he thought I loved every gentleman toward whom I chose to be entertaining, and that he would sorely repent his rash avowal after due consideration.

"Dick with a pale, haggard face, asked pardon for his rashness and turned away, while I in my misery watched him as he walked up the garden-path, through the gate, and into the house, and then dropping my flowers I burst into tears, and not caring to meet any of the family in my grief, went to the back part of the garden, stepped upon a box—which I had placed there for the purpose—and from that to the fence, and then into a pear-tree, which grew just on the other side of it.

"The fence being a picket one was rather dangerous to jump from, therefore I always got into the tree and swung myself down from one of the lower limbs; a very unladylike proceeding to be sure, but one in which I frequently indulged when in a hurry to reach the orchard and not caring to go around the garden.

"I was perhaps four feet from the ground and hastily brushing away my tears, I hurriedly made the leap, when, oh, horror! there I was suspended in mid air by that hoopskirt—I had forgotten it in my haste,—the last four hoops of which were firmly fastened upon a projecting snag from which a limb had been broken.

"I could come within an inch of touching the ground with the tips of my fingers, but my efforts to get either up or down proved of no avail. At last I caught a glimpse of Frank's straw hat through the trees, and perfectly terror-stricken, I made a desperate lunge, the belt gave way, and I slipped headlong through the skirt to the ground in a promiscuous heap, weak and trembling from my fright, and the extreme awkwardness of my posotion.

"It was too late to retreat, but I crouched in the long grass, hoping they would pass me unnoticed; which they would have done in all probability had it not been for that ill-starred hoopskirt—which in my terror I had neglected to dislodge—and which was swaying back and forward in the tree above me.

"Frank was the first to see it; and he glaced from it to the ground where I was crouching with towsled hair, torn dress and red eyes, and then gave vent to his merriment by prolonged peals of laughter.

"But Dick and I came to an agreeable understanding and were ridiculously happy, forgetting for the time what a scene we presented, sitting there in supreme content, with that dear old hoopskirt dangling in triumph above us, which was perhaps the innocent cause of uniting two lives that would otherwise have been miserable."

FACETIÆ

"A column of figures"—The spinal column.

"A Temperance Pledge"—Pawning the society's banner.

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel"—The song of a cobbler poet.

"A tight squeeze"—An intoxicated man hugging the lamppost.

"One can't help what's done behind his back," as the bully said when somebody kicked him.

Ice cream is an invention of the last century. No wonder young men think history may well talk of the good old times.

Talking of brainless people, those who have least in 'em of any folks to be met on this earth, are no doubt the Egyptian mummies.

The fact that women can cheaply buy any amount of hair, and thereby grow reckless concerning it, is one of the mysteries, perhaps, why they show such a disregard of their husbands, after marriage.

Fleeting impressions can be made without difficulty, but these we would have permanent are of a different character. About the easiest way to make the former is to sit down in a pile of mortar or on a batch of dough.

It is a question whether the religion of many boys is not traceable to the christianizing influences of the prospective Sunday school picnic, rather than to their deep, abiding and unshakable perception of the truths of the Bible.

One of the effects of the French Revolution, when Sunday came every ten days, was the great saving in furniture. Fathers of families of marriageable girls noticed that rocking-chairs lasted on an average forty per cent. longer.

Mrs. Van Cott says there are more women than men in heaven. According to the doctrine of Choice and Free Will, the fact that most of the male sex apparently went elsewhere voluntarily, is a terrible reflection on the daughters of Eve.

Some men never fully understand what irony or sarcasm is, until they come home some night after seeing a friend off to Europe, and have their wives ask them from the second story window why they don't grab right on to the keyhole and come in.

The close observer will notice that at the fashionable bathing seaside resorts, it is an undertaker who during bathing hours generally leads the way to the deepest water. Thus the enterprising mind always couples a prospect of business with that of pleasure.

The best test of the true American patriot is that the conviction always present of this country's ability to whip the biggest nation on the globe generally extends itself, as Fourth of July approaches, to a belief that we can whip three or four of them put together.

Corporeal punishment in schools is often calculated to incite to the fullest action the flagging energies of the mind. What boy is there that after getting a dose of birch does not feel the longing rise within him to be a man, in order to take satisfaction out of the teacher's hide!

There are different ways of proving heroines. In olden times they suffered at the stake willingly, but nowadays the girl who by chance cracks herself on the bunion with the croquet mallet without crying outand trying to sling the offending implement into the next county, shows herself justly entitled to the honor.

Veneration for family relics, though natural and commendable, is not universal. Many a scion of some noble house, in looking over the plate and jewels which constitute one of the outward forms and semblances of his innate honor, does not so much think of the lessons of the glorious past they teach, as of what they would bring in money of the realm, if "put up the spout."

It is possible that the present rage for inventions may result in detracting from the sum of human happiness, instead of adding thereto. What if the microphone be distorted to such uses that the midnight cat may be foregarned of the sleepless boarder's preparations for its destruction, are he has seized the bootjack even, and permits it to get miles away to derive another victim mad with some extra yells of triumph in addition to the regulation business!

A Fruitful Investment for any one troubled with a slight cold, Hoarseness or sore Throat, is a bottle of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, as it may save you from much suffering and no little danger. It is an old established curative, whose remedial qualities have been tested by thousands.

ON A CASE OF TROPICAL BIRDS.

BY EMMA RECORD.

Has the life fled, and does the gold remain—
The gold and green,
The blue and crimson sheen,
The wondrous light, which goes and comes again,
On burnished breast
And wing, and jewelled crest;
The vivid beauty, where no touch of death
Has left his mark; which seems to ask in scorn,
Can aught be fairer than these tints of dawn
Which glance and glow unwarmed by vital breath?

Yes, surely, it were fairer yet to see
The gay birds free,
In tropic grove,
And full of life and happy energy;
Spreading their painted wings in joyous flight—
Each changing hue more bright
Beneath the burning sky;
To see the gleaming throat
Active with tuneful notes—
Each note a part of some glad song of love.

And now the cheerful hum I seem to hear—
The stir of life,
The sounds of joy and strife—
The voices of my birds I held so dear;
I see their busy movements, catch the gleam,
Reflected in still stream,
Of emerald pinion or of ruby breast,
I am not in my quiet sitting-room,
In twilight gloom;
But in West Indian woods, where, drowsily,
Deep waters lie,
And the fierce sunshine pierces through the shade
High boughs have made;
Where all is luxuriance; and the eye,
Tired with the glare
Of coloring and light so warm and rare,
Closes at last in rest.

The rest is broken. I awake, and see
No longer Tropic sunshine, lake, and tree:
But, through the twilight gloom
Of my quiet sitting room,
Up to the little table at my side,
In all their regal pride,
My silent, soulless birds that know no change—
My faithful friends, who still are what they seem,
And ever stay with me,
Without the wish to range.
I smile, and bless their tranquil constancy;
I bless them also for my fairy dream.

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER ORDLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—[CONTINUED.]

"You are a very good actress, your grace," she said; "but my eyes are open now. I understand much now that seemed mysterious to me before. I learned to-day for the first time that you were Bracy Burgoyne's wife—heaven help him, say I—and that whoever lies in that marble falsehood in the cemetery yonder, it is not my old friend."

"You learned this?"

"I did."

"How?"

"I made an unintentional third of your conference with the woman who came to you this morning. When your grace receives such visitors your grace should be careful that the doors are fast, and that there are no listeners."

"It was a noble part to play, Lady Royston. I congratulate you on your talent as a spy."

"Would to heaven I had not been there. The blow would have fallen on your innocent husband's head all the same; but I should have had no foreknowledge of it."

"There is no blow to fall. You are raving."

"I am not. I can tell you word for word what that woman said to you. She can prove that the corpse that was buried as Bracy Burgoyne was not his. She can swear to the fact of you having been away from that hotel for hours for some secret purpose, and she knows of two men—I can guess who they are—who know where you went, and what for. Bracy Burgoyne was missing for months before that railroad accident, as I happen to know. I understand now why he could not be found, and why all trace of his effects vanished so mysteriously."

"Your ladyship has evidently listened to some purpose," Hilda said, defiantly, "and a few chance words have sufficed you to make up a very fine story. That I was Bracy Burgoyne's wife was my most unhappy secret. A woman who is unacknowledged does not boast of her position. Had it been necessary to acquaint you with the fact, it would have been done. As to the rest—that woman's accusations and insinuations, they are lies from beginning to end."

"They were truth, or your grace would hardly have given her money as the price of her silence."

"Lies are not more pleasant to have circulated than truth. I thought it better to pay her than hand her over to the police, which was my only other alternative."

"You dared not do that. You dared not tell her that she lied, or call your servants to put her out of the house, as you would have done had she been an impostor. She spoke the truth, and your first words when you recovered from your swoon of terror proved it. Bracy Burgoyne is alive, and you know it."

"I do not know it," said Hilda, brought completely to bay. "Your whole story is a lie from beginning to end. What prompts your sudden interest in my affairs I don't know; but leave me alone for the future. I can take care of myself."

"I did not send for you to descend to any vulgar quarrelling," Lady Royston said, sadly. "I hoped——"

"Hoped what?"

"That I should persuade you to tell your husband all. He loves you with a love that is almost madness, Hilda. Confess to him whatever sin is on your conscience, my child, and, if need be, go quietly away before the world, which has so admired and caressed you, turns upon you with contempt and scorn."

Hilda smiled scornfully, and reared her little figure up to its fullest height.

"You do not know me, Lady Royston," she said. "You have evidently calculated that I was a poor, weak fool, who would yield to any injunction my husband's aristocratic relations choose to lay upon me. I am a woman as keen of wit and strong of will as you are yourself, and I defy you and your lying accusations—for they are lies."

"Your grace is not very refined in your choice of words," Lady Royston replied. "My accusations are true."

"Prove them, then. What proof have you of what you have chosen to assert? None—I can read it in your face. None but a half heard conversation, to which you listened as a spy, and your own evil thoughts. Do you imagine that anything you can say will make me give up the position I have won, and sink back into my former obscurity? I am Duchess of Castletowers, Lady Royston, and neither you nor any one breathing shall rob me of the position my husband has given me."

Lady Royston wrung her hands with a gesture of despair.

"I don't believe you are a woman at all," she said, helplessly. "It seems to me you must be a demon. You know every word I have spoken is Gospel truth, and yet you will linger, and let shame fall upon the head of the good man who never did an evil deed in his life, till he married you for the sake of your wicked beauty. I will tell him all."

"You must be well backed by proof before you dare traduce me to my husband," Hilda said, defiantly; "he would look into my face, and only remember your words to punish them if you dared say aught against me to him."

And Lady Royston shivered with a cold dread as she acknowledged mentally that the Duchess spoke the truth. Without proof of what she had said, and she had none but her own suspicions, she could not say a word to Lionel Breakspeare against his wife, and she had no proof but what she had heard, and the sudden confirmation of many suspicions the overheard conversation had brought about.

"I cannot talk to you any more," she said, feeling that her presence of mind was giving way before Hilda's stormy defiance, and that she should scream or go into wild hysterics if she staid in her presence much longer; "but, understand, if your Grace persists in going to the drawing-room, you must find some one else to introduce you to her Majesty. I will not have the onus of such a proceeding on my shoulders."

"The Duchess of Castletowers will scarcely have far to look for a friend to perform that office," was the cold defiant reply. "But that my husband selected you, his oldest and best friend, as he thought, I might have chosen from a dozen ladies at least."

"You shall not go without Lionel's knowing what I have heard. I will see him to-night."

"Scarcely—he is going out with me; to-morrow morning early he starts for Brighton for two days with Lord Soudes. He will not return till the day before the drawing room. You will scarcely attempt making a family scandal then—it would tell against yourself. No one will imagine you decline to present me from choice."

She left the room with a bitter smile on her lips, and Lady Royston paced up and down in wild agitation.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" she asked herself. "She is right; I have no proofs. And yet I know it is all true. My poor Lal! Poor Phemie, too—I understand her now. She knows, and has not dared to speak. No wonder she is pale and worn, and has no heart to give any one. And she, the stonyhearted fiend—is she iron or marble, that she can answer such a revelation of her wickedness with a smile and a mocking word?"

Neither, could Lady Royston have seen her. Hilda was pacing up and down in her luxurious room in more perturbation of mind than her accuser was suffering herself. Her eyes looked wild and haggard, and her hands tore at the costly lace on her dress till it hung in strips.

"Is the end coming?" she asked herself. "Is this horrible thing true? Is he alive and likely to cross my path again? If I thought that I would——?"

She looked with a wild meaning at a little case in her dressing-table, which contained a bottle or two.

"No, I wouldn't," she added after a moment, with a discordant laugh. "Why should I die? They cannot take all from me if they do their worst! They will leave me some of my comforts, and they cannot take from me the fact that I have been Duchess of Castletowers, and the most brilliant beauty of a London season. The days of torture and disfigurement are past, or I think my lady upstairs yonder would like to have my face marred by any amount of infernal gashing. She'd like to do it herself, I verily believe."

She had never looked more lovely than when she took her place by her husband's side in the carriage that night, bound for some gay party.

When they were gone Lady Euphemia knocked at Lady Royston's door.

"Do let me in, auntie," she said. "I must talk to you, and to-night!"

"And goodness knows I want to talk to some one badly enough!" her ladyship said, as she admitted her. "What's the matter, child? You look like a ghost!"

"I'm frightened, auntie; I've got a dreadful secret on my mind."

"I know—I know, child! It's about him—Bracy Burgoyne! He isn't dead."

"How did you know?" gasped Lady Euphemia, in terror. "Has he come?"

"Come! No—the fates forbid!" exclaimed Lady Royston, who was far from guessing the whole truth. "No, child; I know he wasn't killed in that railway accident—that's all."

"I know far more; I wish I didn't. I have a letter here to show you—and here's one for you. Lizzie Pearce says she brought it up some time ago, and knocked, but you did not hear her."

"Likely enough; I have been nearly out of my mind with fright. From Miss Burgoyne, I declare! Oh, her letter will keep, Phemie. I want you to advise me how to act in this dreadful business. I will tell you exactly what I have heard, and you must keep nothing back from me now, my dear."

"I won't, auntie!"

Lady Euphemia drew close up to the elder lady's side, and laid another letter in her lap.

"If you know all," she said, "you will understand that."

But Lady Royston was engrossed with her own letter, the contents of which seemed to be more interesting than she had anticipated.

"Does all the world know, I wonder?" she murmured. "Or are you and I dreaming, Phemie, and this is all some hideous nightmare?"

CHAPTER II.

COMING HOME.

I thought of fond greetings, the welcome, the kiss,
The friendly hand's pressure. Oh, was it for this?
—*Haynes Bayley.*

The letter which Lady Royston read was a curious one. It was, as she told Lady Euphemia, from Miss Burgoyne, and was full of very serious matter.

"I am coming to England," the old lady wrote. "I never thought to see the dismal, dirty, fog-bewitched country again; but I must come. I've heard such a story I don't know how to put it on paper; but that jackanapes, Marsham, is at the bottom of it—I am sure he is; and I mean to prosecute him for swindling and conspiracy as soon as I can get hold of an honest lawyer to help me in the matter. My nephew, Bracy, isn't dead! I have been informed by a man who knew him well, and who has seen him within the last three months. He's alive, and, I believe, well now, though he has been very ill; but he's mad, raving mad. He's going about got up in a white wig and green spectacles, and calling himself Mark Douglas. I'm not mad to write such a thing, though you might think so. It was actually himself we saw here, and not the cousin from America as we thought. He wasn't killed in that railway accident, was never near the place at all, and they've buried some one else in his place. What it all means I shall find out some day, perhaps; at present I feel perfectly bewildered. There's no mistake, I am sure. My informant is a person who knew him well, and who happened to be at some hotel at Cawnpore where Bracy was lying very ill. He's coming home, and I want to be in England to meet him. He's out of his senses from some cause or other, I am sure of it. He was at death's door in India—what took him there puzzles me!—and the gentleman who recognized him there tells me it was about a woman. He declares that Bracy was secretly married to some abandoned woman he was ashamed to own, and that some bad treatment at her hands made him the wreck he found him.

"If that is true, it is easy to guess what became of all his property; no doubt the wretch made off with it to America and sold it there. That will account for that queer affair of the locket that that impertinent governess woman—I beg your Grace's pardon, I am sure, I forgot she was Duchess of Castletowers—sent back to me. Will you let me call on you when I come to town? I'm a lonely old woman, and if this tale about Bracy turns out to be untrue I think the disappointment will kill me. I shall go to Claridge's for I have no relations or friends to take me in; and if it is true about Bracy's marriage, the sooner I've done with hotels and everything else in this world, the better."

"Poor lady! What will she say when she hears the truth?" said Lady Euphemia.

"What, indeed? Oh, Phemie, child, why did you keep all this a secret from me?" wailed Lady Royston. "What shall we do? What can we do?"

"Nothing, auntie. He is coming. Let him claim his wife."

"Claim her, child! Think of Lal!"

"I do. I have thought till my brain seems giving way. He must be told before the drawing room. He will not be back till the night before, and there's the Duchess's party."

"She shall not give it! I will denounce her!" said Lady Royston excitedly. "She shall not cheat the world any longer. Oh, if I had only known before!"

"I kept the secret for the best, auntie, dear," said the young girl sadly. "I knew Mr. Burgoyne was alive, and by accident Mr. Caterham was in the secret too; but I knew nothing more. He had the bitterest and most painful reasons for keeping his existence a secret, he said, and we both promised to keep it so till he gave us leave to speak. I never knew of that other death being a sham at Ferndale Hollow till I saw my brother's bride enter Castletowers its mistress."

"It is horrible—horrible!" said Lady Royston. "Do you think she tried to murder him, child?"

"I do. I believe she tried, and thinks she did. I never heard of his saying so, but so many things point to it."

"She may have thought so—she does not think so now. I read it in her face while I was talking to her. She is prepared for anything that may happen."

"I wish she would run away," Lady Euphemia said, pacing up and down the room in agitation. "Or that we could all get away from the shame that is so surely coming. We don't even know where to telegraph to Lionel."

"And if we did it wouldn't do. We could not telegraph such news. We must wait. Who is your letter from, Phemie?"

"Mr. Caterham."

She put it into the elder lady's hand without speaking—there were no secrets now. It was dated from a City hotel, and was sufficiently alarming.

"DEAR MADAM:—The Alcestis is in, and Mr. Mark Douglas has safely arrived. He seems very ill, but his energy is wonderful; and he is already somewhere at the West-end, where I do not know. I regret to say that my coming to town to meet him was worse than useless as far as preventing any scandal is concerned. He is in full possession of all the facts which I imagined I should have to tell him, and will not bate one atom of his revenge. He has a terrible story to tell your brother when he sees him, which he will do at the earliest opportunity. I find the Duke is out, but I shall see him myself, if possible, before this terrible denouement of Mr. Douglas's story comes about. He, Mr. D., has declined any aid from me in the matter. He has not behaved rudely to me—he simply says that my companionship would make him waver in his purpose. If you can do anything in the matter, or persuade the unhappy lady, who, I presume, is ignorant of what is coming as yet, to go away before the storm bursts, some public scandal might be avoided. Trusting you will believe I have done all I can to avert publicity, I am, madam, yours respectfully,

"GEORGE CATERHAM.

"Lady Euphemia Breakspeare."

"There's nothing to be done, Phemie," said Lady Royston sadly. "It's no use making a scandal before the time."

"I will speak to her," Lady Euphemia said. "Perchance a chance word from me may prevail."

She did not speak. The next morning she went down to breakfast with Hilda, struggling for calmness as best she might, and over their chocolate and toast she told her what was hanging over her, and begged her to go away.

"Not for our sakes," she said quietly; "for Lal's and your own."

But Hilda only laughed, and declared that they were all mad.

"Let Mr. Caterham come," she said, "and bring who he likes with him. I am ready to confront any impostor. I am not going to run away till my husband bids me go. The Duchess of Castletowers is above such base suspicions."

The eve of the drawing-room arrived, and the eventful day passed with great *eclat*. Hilda had made it known to a few personal friends that Lady Royston did not feel able to endure the fatigue of the crowd and the heat, and the name of a very distinguished lady, the wife of a great political leader, and a very oracle in the fashionable world, had been sent in to perform the ceremony of presentation in her place.

Hilda's robes were laid out for the evening party, and the servants had been up to pay stealthy visits to the dressing room, to see the glories of the toilette. Lizzie Pearce was very good-natured, and allowed them to look and talk.

Hilda herself looked at them with triumph.

"Come what may, I have been to Court," she said. "They cannot take everything from me. Let the worst come—I am ready for them. But it won't come—it can't. Fate could not be so cruel."

She was soon dressed in a robe of light blue silk, with her hair as Lionel Breakspeare loved to see it—in artistic disarray—ready for the party she was giving that evening to a few special friends. The Duke had come home, but rather late, and had gone straight to his dressing-room.

Presently she heard him come out, and she emerged from her own door at the same moment. No one should talk to him save in her presence, she was determined.

"How do I look, Lal?" she asked.

"Like a gorgeous fairy, my darling. But don't stop me; somebody is waiting to see me."

"Who?"

"Mr. Caterham."

A mist seemed to come before her eyes, and the place to reel round with her; but she steadied herself by a mighty effort, and spoke calmly, though her face was very white.

"I don't like that man, dear. Let him wait. See how late it is!"

"I must see him, dear. I am afraid there is something the matter at Castletowers, his message was so urgent."

He was down the first flight of stairs before she could expostulate any further, and she turned back into her dressing-room with a face so wan that Lizzie Pearce started back, in affright.

"I must have a little rouge, I think," the Duchess said. "His Grace says I am looking paler than usual to-night."

The girl made no remark, but did her best, with a few skillful touches, to remedy the pallor which made Hilda's face look positively awful in its beauty.

Then her mistress opened a little compartment in her dressing case and took something out.

"There's no knowing what may happen," she said to her maid. "These little bon bons are an excellent preventive against faintness."

She walked steadily downstairs into her reception room, and was soon receiving her guests, with smiles on her pretty face and words of ready welcome on her lips, while her heart was beating wildly in loud, harsh thumps, and a cold chill of horror was creeping over her from head to foot.

Presently the Duke in the library rang the bell, and the servant who answered it was ordered to show out the stranger who was there.

The man noticed that his master's head was turned away from him, and there were traces of agitation on the face of the stranger. They could hear the hum of voices upstairs in the reception room, and the names of the guests announced.

Just as he reached the front door he heard a name given at the head of the stairs—"Mr. Mark Douglas"—and turned back to the room he had quitted. The Duke had not moved, and he went up to him and put his hand on his shoulder.

"Your Grace," he said quietly, "it has come. He is here."

"Where?"

The Duke lifted his head—a face that looked in its unutterable anguish as though half a lifetime had passed over it in the last few hours.

"Where is he?" he repeated.

"Face to face with her by this time. I heard his name announced."

"Come with me, Caterham. Let me feel that there is something real in the world; it seems all a hideous nightmare now. I shall wake from it by and by. I am only dreaming now."

"I am afraid this is the waking, not the dream, your Grace. I would I could 'medicine you to sleep' again, as Shakspeare has it."

They went out into the hall together, the Duke reeling like a drunken man, and the frightened servants making way for them in wonder at the sight of their master's face. They paused at the door of the splendid reception room, and the scene there stamped itself on George Caterham's mind ineffaceably.

The Duchess stood right in the centre of the room, with her guests crowding round her—for she had uttered a faint scream in the extremity of her terror—and before her, bowing low, was the man whom the Duke had seen in India as Mark Douglas, but whom George Caterham had proved to him beyond a doubt was his wife's former husband, Bracy Burgoyne.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Di's Mistake.

BY E. W. P.

In the full, rich, red glow of a glorious sunset, Di Falkland stood, her elbow on the stile, her little round chin resting on her pink palm, and her soft, clear brown eyes following the well-set figure of Sir Henry Dynne, as, with bowed head, he strode from her across the meadow.

There were tears in the brown eyes; a sigh parted the fresh rose-bud lips. If Di Falkland had ever repented a rash, impetuous speech, she did that one uttered not ten minutes ago.

Sir Harry Dynne, whom she had known from childhood, and, yes, loved as long, had, meeting her by that shady style, asked her to be his wife, and she refused him. Why?

Because of the very friendship—almost of brother and sister—which had existed between them. Sir Harry had begged her to be his without preamble, without any lover's flowery verbiage, but in a manly, straightforward fashion, with perhaps a little too apparent assurance of success.

It was the latter that had occasioned the wretched rebellious spirit to start up in Di's heart. Did Sir Harry possess the conceited idea that he had but to ask and have? Was she not worthy some doubt, some anxiety? Thus it was that Di's pride answered, and not her heart, when she had rejected the suit of the man she loved, giving a lightness to her reply which, only after utterance, she saw how deeply was calculated to pain.

"What have I said? Why did I say it?" she murmured, dropping her head on the stile. "Will he never ask me again? No, no! Harry is not the man to seek any woman twice. I have held my happiness in my hand, and cast it from me. Oh, Harry, Harry!"

Di Falkland, only child and heiress of Leighton Falkland, Esq., of The Alders, remained at the stile battling with her sorrow, until the sunset had given place to twilight, when, hoping against hope, for she knew well Sir Harry's spirit, she bent her steps through the park back to the house.

Mr. Falkland was absent, being in London for a few days on business, and as Di, regarding the yet unlighted windows, thought of the dreariness of the place, the bitter recollection of her late folly, *her* sole companion, she shivered, and diverting her steps, proceeded round to the west side of the house, where she entered the drawing-room.

There, without yet removing her hat and cloak, she stood by the open window, thinking of Sir Harry Dynne. Suddenly a flush rose to her cheek. An uncertain, half-ashamed, half-resolved light glanced in her eyes. Then she laughed nervously, and swift as a lapwing fled over the lawn towards the plantation. Partly in jest, partly from the craving hope in her breast, she intended to test Lady Hilda's Seat.

There was a legend in her family that whenever a female of the Falkland line sat in the rustic seat known by this name, in the full of the moon, she would see the features of her future husband.

Swiftly she made her way. The pheasants moved in the branches above her head, but Di had no fear. Poachers seldom visited the Hall, and she believed her father's gamekeepers near somewhere. Reaching the seat, she dropped upon it, shrinking into the corner, which was about twelve feet above the road, at the edge of the plantation, surrounded by an old fence, and began to feel she was a very great stupid.

Three minutes, which seemed like ten to her, had passed, and she was on the point of running back to the house, when she heard the tread of feet in the road. Far too heavy for Sir Harry's; but rising, she peeped over the fence.

Those approaching were two men, attired in gaiters, velveteen coats, and with caps drawn over their faces, while in their hands they carried guns. Di held her breath. She was scarcely frightened, for it was not likely the men had any thought of entering the plantation. To her surprise they halted almost beneath where she was, and, though they spoke in whispers, she heard every word, her blood freezing with horror as she listened.

"I tell 'ee, lad," said one, "we are to hide ourselves behind the 'arctharne 'edge, by the Cumberley Road, so that we can do for 'un if the chaps at the cross-roads should miss 'un."

"Which they ain't like to do," was the response. "But are you so davy sure the barronit is at Starmingham? I saw 'un a few hours back with the Falkland gal in the four-acre meadow."

Di started, but pressed her hand to her throat to stifle her cry. The other man answered:

"I'm sartain. He's gone to Starmingham on the very bis'ness that we are going to put a bullet in his skull for to-night. If we goes on a strike, we goes, and we haint goin' to ave Sir 'Arry or hanybody else bringing new hagricultooral 'ands to oust us. He's brought his death on his own head. Come lads—Sir 'Arry leaves Starmingham at ten."

"All right; but the boys at the cross-roads will finish him without us."

The men tramped off; and Di remained paralyzed where she was. Paralyzed, however, only for a few seconds. Sir Harry Dynne's life was in danger. Those men were determined. They would not fail in their purpose, and before an hour Dynne Chase would have no master, and she——

"Oh, Harry, Harry!" she cried, wringing her hands. "I must—I will save you? But how? Oh, kind Heaven aid me!"

She pressed her hands to her temples, trying to think. There was no time to return and seek help from the house. She feared to call aloud to see if any of the gamekeepers were near, lest the men, hearing, should return. To her excited brain she saw but one way to save Sir Harry—that was to warn him herself.

It was no easy matter. She dared not go by the Cumberley Road for fear of those two men in ambush. Besides, it was ten minutes to ten already. Before she could reach the cross-roads that way, Sir Harry would have done so from the opposite direction, and, unwarned, have met his cruel death.

His cruel death!—that decided Di. She *would* save him, though the means were difficult, for she must go "cross-country," defying all obstacles.

In a moment she had clambered over the fence, and by the help of a pliant bush lowered herself down and dropped into the road. Scratches and bruises she felt not. Swiftly she crossed to the other side, casting a scared glance in the direction of the men, to see if they were near. The highway was clear, and Di clambered over the opposite hedge into the field beyond.

If she could not not save him, she would at least try her best. Her pretty dress was soon torn to shreds; the lower part was saturated with water; her hair hung tangled about her pale face; her hands were bleeding. Frequently she fell, but bravely regained her feet.

The last meadow was reached, when the quick beat of horses' hoofs on the road reached Di's ear. A hoarse burst from her lips. *If she missed him now his fate was sealed.* The road he was traversing went along the furthest side of the meadow—*could* she reach it? Would he go on to his death?

She tried to quicken her pace—but her limbs were numbed—her brain stunned. She endeavored to call his name, but, breathless, it died on her lips. Soon she sped on, mechanically, hardly aware of the hoofs coming—coming so near.

Then she was conscious of a hedge, of a gap in it, of struggling forward into the road, and of falling on her knees there with extended arms, almost under the horse's feet, so near that had not the rider made him rear and swerve, the animal must have trampled her.

"Great heavens, woman, are you mad? What are you about?" cried Harry, angrily.

"Oh, Harry, Harry, it is I. Thank, thank heaven, I am in time," she sobbed hysterically. "You must not go on."

"Heavens, Di!" he ejaculated in consternation, and in a second was raising her in his arms. "What on earth does all this mean?"

In bitter accents she told him all.

"I thank you very much," he said, in a quiet way, when she ended, "yet I am sorry you took all this trouble, as I shall go on."

"Go on! Oh! no, no! You must not!" she cried in horror.

"Why not?" he answered. "What charm has life now for me, Di?"

She understood him.

Clasping his hand tightly in hers, nestling, with blushing cheeks, close to him, she answered:

"I was very foolish to-day, Harry. You—you know I didn't mean what I said. You must not go on. For my sake, you must not!"

Sir Harry did not go on. He and Di went back to Starmingham and got help. The men were taken, and the baronet, by his leniency in dealing justice on them, made the four his friends for life.

"How could I do otherwise," smiled Sir Harry, "since it was through them I learned my Di's real affection for me?"

The first man in West Point this year in the graduating class is a son of the late Lieut. Derby, well known as "John Phœnix."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE TELEPHONE.—In article in a recent number of the Pekin Gazette, written by Chin Hoo, says Krug Foo Whing, a distinguished philosopher, who flourished about the year 970, invented the telephone (which is known in China as "Thumtastee") in the year 888.

CURE FOR BURNS AND SCALDS.—Common baking soda—the bicarbonate—has been found to cure burns and scalds, affording immediate relief when promptly applied. For a dry burn the soda should be made into a paste with water. For a scald or wet burned surface, the powdered soda (or borax will do as well) should be dusted on.

VACCINATION IN RUSSIA.—Two "Old Believers" from Nijut-Novgorod, who served as sailors on board one of the vessels of the Russian Baltic fleet, have been sentenced to seven years hard labor for "holding heretical opinions and refusing to be vaccinated." They declared they would rather have their heads taken off than to have "the mark of Antichrist imprinted on their arms." No persuasion by priest or officer could overcome their prejudice.

FLY SPEECH.—An English scientist asserts that flies have a speech of their own, and are not limited to the irritating buzz for which they are chiefly distinguished. By the assistance of the microphone, this fly language can be heard, and the tramp of a fly across a box is said to sound almost as loud as that of a horse across a wooden bridge. A curious sound accompanied the tramp of the fly, which, it was suggested, was caused by the neighing of its proboscis.

SUPERHEATED WATER.—The experiment of using superheated water for locomotives has been successfully tried in France. The engines are charged with water heated to 180° C., which is allowed to vaporize as fast as required, and by doing away entirely with furnaces in the locomotives, the danger of explosion, as well as the cause of terror to passing horses, are easily avoided. A locomotive, propelled in this manner and attached to two carriages, ascended a gradient of five and a half in the hundred at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.

STEEL ARMOR.—If, as seems probable, Sir Joseph Whitworth has counteracted the tendency of steel plates to crack when struck by a projectile, the contest between the guns and the armor of men-of-war turns again in favor of the latter. An experiment lately made with a target formed of "build compressed steel, built up in hexagonal sections, each of which was composed of a series of concentric rings around a central disk," has shown that large vessels clad with armor of that kind of steel cannot be penetrated by projectiles from the heaviest guns now in use.

VALUABLE VENEERS.—The great knots, warts or excrescences, known as "loupes," found on the walnut, maple and oak, and much prized for fine veneers, form an important article of trade in the mountains separating the Caspian provinces from Persia. They are placed in a large vessel and steamed for days, until, from an adamantine hardness, they become as soft as cheese. They are then sliced into thin sheets by machinery. They harden again on exposure, and are sold at prices corresponding to their size and beauty. Some "loupes" have, in Paris, brought as high as $4,000.

FEMININITIES.

We often hear of a widow mending her condition by re-pairing.

The lady who knit her brow has commenced a pair of socks.

Several noted ladies practised medicine in Greece's palmy days.

"Raging blondes" is what they call red-headed girls in San Francisco.

An instantaneous method for producing vinegar—Praise one young lady to another.

If every woman could have a husband, female suffrage would soon cease to be agitated.

It will never do to let women vote. They would die before election day, trying to find out the color of the other party's new ballots.

Many women are loved without knowing it, and many think they are loved when they are not. They generally find out their mistake after marriage.

An American traveler says that he knew a young fellow down south who was so fond of a young woman that he rubbed off his nose kissing her shadow on the wall.

Man loves and runs away. Woman brings action for breach of promise, and gets damages. Woman loves, and she rides away. Man brings his action, and gets hooted out of court.

Smith does not think that his daughter's beau should stay so late in the evening. The other morning she was praising the young man for his strength of character. "Yes," said Smith, "he has great staying powers."

"Never marry for wealth," says a contemporary, "but remember that it is just as easy to love a girl who has a brick house with a Mansard roof and a silver-plated door-bell, as one who hasn't anything but an auburn head and amiable disposition."

A girl in Kentucky struck her croquet partner on the head with a mallet; brain fever set in, and the young man nearly died. The girl was kept under arrest until his recovery, and when he got well, she married him, and now he's sorry he didn't die.

Blanche (to Ethel, just returned from their summering): "Why, how thin you look!" Ethel—"Of course, my dear; four toilettes a day, and the German four times a week, are not fattening. Besides, one doesn't wish to come back to society looking like a dairy-maid."

Who toils, and suffers all hardships—bears the burden of the day, and the rigor and darkness of the night? Man—the unlucky rascal! Meanwhile, woman—bless her sweet heart—gives a smile, an order or two, and is queen of herself—that heritage of joy.

After all, man is a generous being. Not long ago one died in Massachusetts who had been married a year, and received a fortune of $50,000 from his wife. And what did he do when he found death staring him in the face? Not enrich his relatives, as he might have done; he willed it all back to her again, on the simple condition that she would not marry again. The noble man!

"Make way for the ladies!" is the law of civilized society from the equator to either pole. "Will any gentleman oblige a lady?" asks the car conductor in his blandest tones; and no sooner said than done. For whom are the tidbits reserved at every feast? Who is served first, and has the best seat at breakfast, dinner, and supper? Woman—lovely woman! Who pays for them? Man—the wretch.

Some active women, who pride themselves on their housekeeping, seem to forget that the object of keeping house is, that human beings may be accommodated in it. Their sole idea seems to be this, that the object of keeping a house is, that the house may be kept in a certain form and order, and to the performance of the form and order they sacrifice the comfort the house was established to secure. Such active women are pests to society, because they want sense to direct and control their energies.

As a woman was walking, a man looked at and followed her. "Why," said she, "do you follow me?" "Because I have fallen in love with you." "Why so? My sister, who is coming after, is much handsomer than I am; go and make love to her." The man turned back, and saw a woman with an ugly face; and being greatly displeased he returned and said: "Why do you tell me a story?" The woman answered: "Neither do you tell me the truth. If you are in love with me, why did you look for another woman?"

Every woman has a right to be of any age she pleases; for, if she were to state her real age, no one would believe her. Every man has a right to wear a moustache who can. Every woman who makes puddings has a right to believe she can make better puddings than any other woman in the world. Every man who carves has a right to think of himself, by putting a few of the best bits aside. Every woman has a right to think her child the "prettiest little baby in the world;" and it would be the greatest folly to deny her this right, for she would be sure to take it. Every young lady has a right to faint when she pleases, if her lover is by her side to catch her.

We assemble conventions and councils to have the benefit of their collected wisdom, not always remembering that we must necessarily have at the same time the evils of their collected passions, prejudices and private interests.

A man without money is poor, but a man with nothing but money is poorer.

MARGERY'S VOYAGE.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh! I've found such a big bit."

"No; have you, though? Show it to me. Let me have it for a moment."

"You must give it me back again directly."

"How big a bit will it make, d'ye think?"

So spoke two ruddy children, Bob and Margery Allen.

They were searching for amber at Sandybeach, had been searching all the week, and had only found little valueless bits, and now Bob's industry was rewarded at last.

It was very rough winter weather, and their noses were blue and their hands stiff with the cold.

"We'll go home now, and show it to mother," said Margery.

So they climbed the cliff, munching their bread as they went.

"I hope we'll be able to sell it soon; father badly wants new boots," said Ben.

"Mother wants a warm petticoat worse," cried Margery.

"They all want everything most," sighed Bob again.

And what Bob said was true.

It is but a bare and scanty living that the sea can give at the best of times, and now, in the bleak winter, they were very, very poor, and Margery and Bob often knew what it was to be hungry.

Mother was standing at the door looking for them; she was anxious, for the sea was getting high and the wind blew hard.

"I'm right glad to see you, children, for there'll be a storm to-night," was her greeting.

"Oh, mother! Bob's found such a big bit of amber, and when it's cut, it will be a big bit still; and I think he'll get a shilling for it, maybe two."

Mrs. Allen took the rough stone from Bob's hand, mechanically rubbed it on her hand and smelt it (for you know that the amber has a smell of its own by which it may be known,) and tried to rejoice with the children; but her heart was far from it, and she showed in her face how sad she was at the thought of the coming storm. Margery saw the far-away look, and knew where mother's heart was.

"Will father go for the pots?" she asked.

"I fear he must, child."

Margery meant the lobster and crab pots which the fishermen lower into the water with their bait in the day, and have to go and fetch in the early morning.

They had their tea and tried to settle down. Mrs. Allen took her basket of coarse stockings and strove to mend them; Bob sat down with the carving work, which formed his little help towards the family income; and Margery tried to help her mother, and to hush the baby girl, who slumbered, unmindful of storms, in the corner; but it was heart-aching work, and they all went restlessly to the door from time to time, the children looked out from behind mother, as she stood there watching for father Ben, who had been to the next village with a message for one of the neighboring gentry.

Presently his cheerful voice was heard outside, and they all sprang up to meet him.

"Well, wife; well, Bob; well, Margery, lass; and how's the little one?"

"She's sleeping. Father, must you go for the pots?" asked Margery.

Ben looked down at the little girl, and stroked her soft hair.

"Where's bread to come from, lass? Ours is out there, and if I don't go and fetch it it won't come to us, you know."

"But there's going to be a storm—mother says so; and—and—Bob's found a big bit of amber," said Margery, suddenly remembering Bob's good luck, and making the most of it.

"Bob must have found a rare big bit to buy us all food for the next two days, and he hasn't sold it yet, child."

Margery's face fell.

"Beside," proceeded Ben, "the storm isn't much yet, though it's blowing up fresh, to be sure; and seems blowing up fresher," he added, as a tremendous gust of wind shook the frail wooden cottage, and threatened to turn it over.

Mrs. Allen saw in her husband's face that he thought it more than "fresh;" but the folks of Sandybeach, nearly all fishermen, were used to make the best of things. That they lived hard lives enough, without making them harder by complaints, was a maxim they early learnt and practised; so they were always cheerful and contented, helping one another out of their little means, and making the most of everything.

CHAPTER II.

The hours had gone on, and the storm had increased fearfully; no fisherman or wife had gone to bed in the village. Mrs. Allen had felt almost relieved that all possibility of Ben's going to sea was gone although the bread was there, as he had said.

Never will the simple folks of Sandybeach forget that storm; never will Margery forget it, although she is a woman now. The men and women were all out at their doors; here and there a little cluster would be gathered who could hardly hear each other speak; the tempest howled and shrieked, and the waves were mountains high. "God help those at sea to-night," they thought and prayed.

"We'll lose our boats," said one man, "unless we do something soon to save them."

Then spoke Ben Allen.

"We can haul them up on the cliff."

And so they formed themselves into a little band of workers, and with great labor hauled up as many as possible of the little fishing smacks and pleasure yachts.

Scarcely had they got the last boat up when cries rang out from their midst.

"A light at sea!"

"Not far off, neither!"

"It's a rocket!"

"There's another!"

And then several went up together, and all doubt as to what it was over. A vessel in distress!

They tried to throw rockets from the beach over the vessel, but not one would reach her; the force of the hurricane drove them back again, and there seemed nothing to be done. Then came the order that always comes last and when everything else has failed.

"Man the life-boat!" cried out Will Kirby, its captain.

All the time Margery had stayed indoors, too restless and excited to go to bed. She took her little chair and sat by the fire, staring into the bright blaze which cast a lurid light on her pale and frightened face. She had tried to continue her work, but now her basket of stockings lay unheeded at her feet; her thoughts were with the stranded vessel.

When she heard the order given to man the life boat, she started up and ran to the door.

"Where are you going, child?" cried her mother.

"Will father go?"

"Why, yes, I suppose. Father's always first, you know, when there's good to be done."

Margery hesitated one moment, and then turned back into the room, reached her cloak from its hook, caught up her mother's shawl, and rushed from the house.

If Mrs. Allen had known what she had in her mind to do, her dismay would have been great indeed.

The life-boat was kept in a little house built for it opening to the sea. It was raised on a high platform with wheels, and when used, the whole thing was rolled down to the sea, and the boat launched fully equipped from the platform.

Margery ran down to the boat house, and looking in, saw her father already in his place. In two minutes he would be out on those mountains of water, perhaps never to return.

She went round the boat; the men who recognised her made way as she passed, thinking, perhaps, that she had brought something for Ben. Ben himself did not see her, and the others, engrossed immediately in their hurried preparations, forgot the little hooded figure.

The last man had climbed into his place, and those who were to wheel it down stood ready in theirs, and the word was given, "Let go!"

The boat was already on the move when Margery's white face appeared at the top of the ladder, and she dropped into the boat, too late to be saved from the peril she had resolved to face with her father.

In an instant the boat was riding on the awful waves towards the wreck, whose timbers were being snapped and broken like twigs in a high wind. Margery huddled herself together at the bottom of the boat and strove to be brave, but thoughts of mother and Bob, and the little baby sister, came like flashes through her mind, and the time when she was searching for amber on the beach with Bob seemed back in the far past.

They got as near to the wreck as was possible. Many exhausted men and women were already in the water, unable to hold on any longer even to the frail chance of life which the spars of the wreck afforded. These they picked up, and some few soon revived. One poor mother clasped her baby tightly to her breast, but she was cold and stiff. They gently took the infant from her embrace, and Margery mutely held out her arms for it, wrapped it in her mother's shawl, and mechanically rocked it in her arms, as she rocked her own baby sister.

CHAPTER III.

The baby lived; strange that the little life should have been spared, while all that it depended on was taken! They laid its mother in the quite churchyard, and for days they thought that another little grave would be added to the many fresh ones that the wreck had made there. But the little spark of life that Margery's timely care had rescued from a watery grave flickered and waned; but finally mounted to a clear and steady flame. Then what joy there was, and how proud was Margery!

It was nothing to Ben that another mouth to feed was added to his home cares. "God, who had brought her out of the sea, would show him how to win bread for her," he said; and, indeed, Ben was not allowed to do it all himself; one and another helped, and all were pleased to do their share.

They did not know what to name her, until the clergyman helped them. "Call her Brina," he said, almost in a joke, and Brina she was called.

Margery was quite a heroine for many a long day. She wonders sometimes with the neighbors what made her think of taking that voyage in the life-boat with father; but as she looks at little Brina, and the child, putting her hand in hers, smiles lovingly back, she forgets the problem in that joy, and Brina never forgets, and never will be allowed to forget, that she owes her life to Margery.

DIVORCED FOR A DAY.

BY OLIVE BELL.

"What a cold gray morning."

Mrs. Ruth Brainard shivered slightly, and drew her crimson zephyr shawl around her plump shoulders, as she paused at one of the tall, lace-draped windows of her breakfast-room, toying idly with the vines that transformed the cozy room into a miniature summer garden. A canary, swinging in its gilded cage overhead, burst into a joyous carol, as its beautiful mistress appeared, as if he knew his cheerful song would chase the shadows from the dark brooding eyes.

But she did not seem to hear him; for her eyes left the vines, and roamed over the mist-clad landscape without; the distant hills crowned with foam-like caps; the frost-fringed brooks gliding through brown meadows, like silver serpents; cedars clothed with feathery hoar-frost, and a white chilly haze over all, half-veiling, but not wholly hiding the splendors of the surrounding country, from observant eyes.

Mrs. Brainard was in no mood to admire the beauties of nature. She looked fair and sweet, her round bloom-tinted face, was perfect in mould and color, the rich hair, black as a raven's wing, was drawn back from the high brow in heavy careless coils, while her fashionable morning dress, of silver gray poplin with knots of crimson ribbon here and there, displayed every curve of the graceful figure to advantage. Yes, fair and beautiful without, but within, the haughty spirit, and inborn pride, that showed itself in every curl of the thin scarlet lips, and movement of the shapely head, led the better feelings of her womanly, but untrained nature, a passionate, fiery race, which threatened to wreck her happiness.

"What a dismal day," she sighed, turning impatiently away from the window, and seating herself at the breakfast table, where a grave-faced gentleman awaited her. "I will have a gloomy drive to the city this morning," she went on, as she poured her husband's chocolate into a pearl-tinted china cup, the jewels on her white fingers flashing in the glow of the amber fire-light that filled the room.

"Do not go then," said Mr. Brainard, absently buttering a hot muffin. He was always quiet and self-contained, but this morning, seemed to find him unusually thoughtful.

"Need not go!" with a pretty pout, "and my ball dress unfinished. I must settle on the trimmings to-day."

"Your ball-dress!" echoed her husband, wide awake now.

"Yes, dear;" sweetly responded Mrs. Brainard, skillfully avoiding the reproving eyes. "White moire, trimmed with pink laurel blossoms. I have not settled on the design yet."

Mr. Brainard pushed back his chocolate, with a flash of contempt in his gray eyes.

"Ruth," he glanced down at his mourning suit, "did I not ask you to give up such folly, for one year? Only one year, Ruth, out of respect to my dead mother's memory."

"I owe her no respect. She always disliked me, and would not have shown my memory any more respect, than I show hers," was the icy reply.

"You are mistaken. Mother would have shown your memory all possible respect, if not for your own sake, for mine."

"Umph!" sniffled Mrs. Brainard.

"Now Ruth," went on her husband, "I think you will own, I have never denied you anything in reason. Have I?"

The dusky, defiant eyes, drooped beneath the clear searching gaze.

"No, you have not."

"Well! You might use a little self-denial—I know how you enjoy such galeties—and live a quiet life for one year."

"I have set my heart on going, Hugh."

"Give it up, if you love me, Ruth," he pleaded. "Your heart should be set on my happiness, not on the follies of the world."

But the "follies of the world," were dearer to Ruth Brainard's heart, than the love of a gentle, upright man, as her aged mother-in-law had shrewdly suspected, when she warned her son of her. "It is your wealth she loves, not you," the elder Mrs. Brainard had said, when Hugh announced his engagement.

"I think enough of your happiness," pouted Mrs. Brainard, "I have secluded myself a whole month. Is not that sufficient?"

"I do not ask you to seclude yourself from society. But give up balls, and such gaieties for a time," was her husband's patient response.

"I may as well give you my decision at once then. I will not." There was a sharp defiant ring in the bell-like voice, that angered Mr. Brainard.

"So, you are determined to disregard my wishes in this matter?" he questioned, an angry light in his gray eyes, and a crimson flush dyeing his usually pale placid face.

"I do not intend to be governed by any one," was his wife's defiant answer, as she slowly rose from the table.

"Stop a moment, Ruth." Mr. Brainard laid a detaining hand on his wife's arm. His face was very pale now. "You are my wife Ruth—my dear, though wilful wife—whom I have loved above all women, for four wedded years. But my mother was very dear to me—her death was a keen sorrow—and I will not have her memory insulted by you, or any one else, Ruth. Now listen to me, if you persist in your preparations for Mrs. Rathmore's ball, you will not do it in any house of mine. If you leave this house, you never return to it, remember that!"

Mrs. Brainard raised her eyes, with a slight, contemptuous laugh.

"What will you do, Hugh! Get a divorce!" she said flippantly.

"There is no divorce, but death," was his stern reply. "You will go home to your mother."

He left the room abruptly, and Mrs. Brainard, stood alone in her handsome breakfast room, a dazed expression on her lovely face.

"I never saw him so angry," she muttered. I wonder if he would send me home. Horrors! I wouldn't live a week, in mother's stuffy old house, after all this luxury."

Mrs. Brainard went slowly up to her room. Luxury and comfort, surrounded her on all hands. Everything that money could buy, or artistic taste devise was here. Yet she was never satisfied. Her love for admiration, and fondness for fashion, dress, and folly, was the bane of her husband's life. Their tastes had often clashed before, but Hugh Brainard had always yielded the point in question. He would not carry his threat into execution, she thought; as she prepared for her drive to the city, he loved her too well for that!

She loved Hugh Brainard after a fashion of her own. His wealth had been the principal motive that actuated her to accept him, but his tenderness, his thoughtful consideration of all her most trifling needs, had awakened a deeper feeling in her heart, a feeling, that she, was as yet, scarcely aware of. He had been wofully disappointed in the beautiful, dark eyed girl, whom he hoped, might some day grow into a thoughtful wife.

But she was swiftly degenerating into a leader of fashion; her home was nothing to her, unless filled with gay company; her husband's wishes, openly defied and his wise counsels sneered at. Whither they were drifting he could not tell, but he watched her enter her carriage with an aching heart, and then dispatched a servant with a letter he had written, to Mrs. Brainard's mother.

The next three hours were occupied in arranging Mrs. Brainard's costume for the ball. It was at length pronounced perfect, and the young wife entered her carriage with a light heart, for her taste in dress was exquisite, and nothing gratified her more than the knowledge that she was to be the most tastefully dressed lady in any assemblage.

"Where are you going, John?" she cried, in a startled way, as the carriage turned in the direction of her mother's.

"I have master's orders to drive you to Mrs. Lee's;" said John, respectfully.

And to Mrs. Lee's Ruth went, her face blanched with terror. She knew her husband's determined disposition, and felt, that if he meant this for a separation, he would not retract his word. But he could not mean it, she argued, her heart beating wildly, as the carriage set her down at her mother's plain little house.

"O, mamma," she cried, as she entered her mother's sitting room, "I have made Hugh terrible angry, and he has sent me home."

"Yes," Mrs. Lee said in a severe tone; "he has served you as you deserved. You are to stay with me for life, and he will settle an allowance on you."

"Mamma," Mrs. Brainard dropped into a chair.

He has explained everything to me," was her mother's sad reply, "and Ruth, I am ashamed to own I ever gave you birth. Hugh is a noble man."

Ruth crouched down on the little sofa and cried. All the bravery had gone out of her, and for the first time in her life, she began to realize Hugh's worth, and how dear his love was to her.

"O, Hugh, Hugh," she moaned, "if you would only come for me."

But the dull February day wore to a close, and Hugh did not come. Ruth's misery increased, for her father was justly angry, and her sisters, considering the separation a blight on the family name, were merciless in their reproaches. "She will have all the money she can use," read Hugh's letter, and Ruth knew by that, Hugh meant her to indulge her love of display to the utmost. But it was not dress, or fashion, or balls, she wanted now, it was Hugh—Hugh who had petted and loved her so dearly. She would go and beg him to take her back, she would promise to be so humble and good, he could not refuse to take her to his heart again. She would try to make his home happier, and respect his wishes more, try in fact, to be a true wife.

Meanwhile Hugh Brainard had spent a most unhappy day. He was a man of strong affections, and in spite of her waywardness, Ruth was very dear to him. Sometimes when the mood was on her, she would come to his library, and sitting down on a low stool at his feet, tell him, with arch raillery, of her pleasure, her parties, and flirtations, until Hugh would smile in spite of himself, and then take the beautiful dark face in his hands and kiss it tenderly. He was many years older than she was, and this separation would age him beyond all knowledge. Could he live without her? He asked himself this question a hundred times. He must try, he thought, drearily, for a time at least, just long enough to test, her love for him. He entered the library, as the night was closing in, almost stumbling over a figure that cowered down before the grate, where a few red coals were glowing dimly.

"Ruth!" he starts back in amazement.

"Hugh, take me back," she cries, grasping his hand, and sobbing like a grieved child. "I love *you* better than balls, or anything, Hugh, and I'll be so good and obedient, indeed I will."

"My wife," Hugh says thankfully, as he takes her in his arms, and covers the tear-wet face with kisses. "You *do* love me?"

"I never knew how well—indeed I did not," she sobs, clinging to him. "You'll let me stay, won't you, dear?"

"Gladly," sighs Hugh, and none but himself knew *how* gladly.

Months after, Ruth, now a staid and happy matron, holds up a baby boy, for papa's evening kiss.

"We were divorced for a day, Hugh," Ruth would say laughingly. "How would we have stood it for life?"

"God knows!" is Hugh's answer, "but I think it was a fortunate divorce after all."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

SILVER COINAGE.—Silver was first coined by Phidon, King of Argos, about 860 B. C., 140 years after the building of Solomon's Temple, the epoch of the building of Carthage.

WEARING RINGS.—The custom of wearing rings is very ancient. It was prohibited in Rome to all mechanics and men of low condition to wear rings of gold, so that permission to wear a ring was a social distinction. The usage of rings for sealing is also of great antiquity.

A CURIOUS CANDLE.—A curious candle used in Alaska is a fish, eight inches long, almost transparent, and very fat—the fat being pure, white and very sweet. The Indians dry this fish, then light it at the tail, and it burns with a clear, sparkling flame, which the wind will not extinguish.

"TAKE THAT!"—This is not slang; not a bit of it. It is but the translation of an inscription of an ancient Egyptian ball, a leaden one, used as a kind of bullet and thrown from a sling. Sometimes the name of the slinger was put on the ball,—so that the wounded could tell whom to thank, perhaps.

SPANISH WASHERWOMEN.—The chief extravagance of the Spanish nation is a profusion of snowy linen. The average number of the washerwomen of Madrid is said to be 14,000. There the women are to be seen all the year round squatting in their *barcas*, or wooden boxes, up to the elbows in soapsuds amid the shallows of the river. The working time is eleven hours a day, the wages are eightpence.

THE RED SEA.—The name Red Sea is derived from large portions being covered with patches, from a few yards to some miles square, composed of microscopic vegetable, or animalcules, particularly abundant in spring, and which dye the water an intensely blood-red. When not affected by these organic beings, the deep waters are intensely blue, and the usual water shades of green.

MUCH FROM LITTLE.—There was once a Spanish lady, a certain Donna Maria d'Escobar, living at Lima, who had a few grains of wheat which she had brought from Estremadura. She planted them in her garden, and of the slender harvest she distributed to others, until that which had been counted in grains was counted in sheaves; and that which had been counted in sheaves was counted in fields; and thence came all the grain which is found in Peru.

ORIGIN OF THE ASS.—A correspondent indulges in a bit of quaint and whimsical conceit in giving the origin of the ass, from which we learn that there was once a young horse prancing the fields in full liberty, leaping over fences, and galloping through meadows at his will. He resolved that he would have the best grass that ever grew. So he run into a field where the grass was up to his knees. "But," said he to himself, "this is tall and coarse; I will find better food than this." Running on, he came to a place where the grass was up to his fetlocks. "This is sweeter," he said; "but elsewhere there is better." Soon he came to a sandy plain, where the grass was thin and hard; and on, on he raced. Meanwhile, he began to feel the need of food; yet the grass was no better. Indeed, it was poorer with every step that he took; till at length he came to a low, gravelly place where there was nothing but a few thistles, and on those he was forced to stay his hunger. As he stood there nibbling, lo! his ears grew long, the hair from his mane and tail thinned out, he tried to neigh, but could only bray, and he became the ancestor of all the asses in the world.

The greatest men are not always in the most exalted offices. It is often with men as with building-stones—the greater they are, the more difficult it is to elevate them into high positions.

FARM AND GARDEN.

AMMONIA AND PLANTS.—A weak solution of ammonia is one of the best invigorators of all kinds of plants.

GRUBS AND INSECTS.—A bag of hops as large as the two fists, placed in a bin or a store of grain, will, it is said, kill or eradicate all grubs and insects from the grain.

SUFFERING FROM INFLAMMATION.—A correspondent recommends persons who have horses suffering from inflammation of the joints or muscles, to apply cold water to the suspected parts; the seat of the trouble will be found where the moisture dries off quickest.

THE ROSE SLUG.—The following is recommended as a means of destroying the rose slug: Add a teaspoonful of powdered white hellebore to two gallons of boiling water. Apply when cold, in a fine spray, bending the tops over so as to reach the under surface of the leaves. One application is usually sufficient. This is a good way to treat the currant worm.

MEASURING HAY IN BULK.—Of hay well settled in mows or stacks, fifteen cubic yards make a ton. Rule for long or square stacks: Multiply the length in yards by the width in yards, and then by half the height in yards, and divide by fifteen. Rule for circular stacks: Multiply the square of the circumference in yards, and divide by 200; divide the quotient again by 15.

CARE OF STOCK.—Keep your stock constantly gaining in flesh. Use the most unfailing vigilance and diligence to secure this. The moment they begin to go down hill, dollars are running out of your pocket, even though you don't feel, hear or see them, and it costs much more to get them up again than it does to keep them up if properly attended to before they begin to fall.

GREEN CROPS.—Plowing green crops into the ground, to act as a manure, was long practised by the ancient Romans, and is done in Italy and in many other countries where the soil and climate are favorable. This mode of fertilizing is specially suited to warm countries where vegetation is rapid and luxuriant. In the southern countries of Europe the harvest is early and the crops removed in time sufficient to allow the maturity of the green plants the same season.

SIGNING PAPERS.—Farmers, be careful what you sign. Let no "exclusive agency," let no prospective profit, let no palaver of any glib-tongued salesman—no matter what he has to sell, no matter what hopes of a sudden fortune he may hold out—induce you to put your name to *any kind of paper*. If one comes to you well recommended, if he is honest, he will willingly wait until you can find out if his credentials are true. Make no snap agreement; jump at no great chances. Whoever comes along with an honest thing will be ready and willing to have it examined closely.

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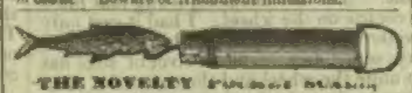

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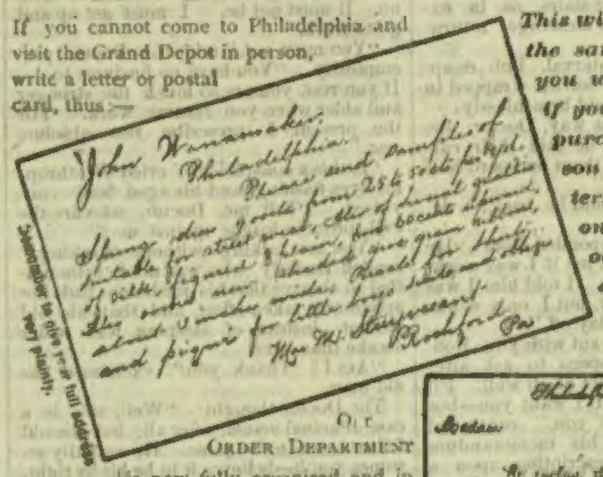

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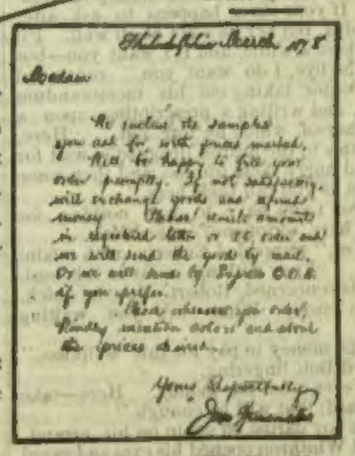

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HOPE.

BY CHAS. J. LARNED.

When the world stands forth against us, like
a globe in front cast,
And the songs of earth lie dreary 'long the
pathways of the past;
If our sons do really, humbly, crave a bless-
ing when in strife;
O, believe the angels strive them, then to
grace our weary life.

Hearts there are which seem to linger ever
in a land of bliss,
Yet to these, too, if we know it, often comes
some sore distress.
All have troubles—each one fails to fully
feast in life his soul,
And existence grows a burden, but to him
who reads Hope's scroll.

Earth is like a pleasant garden, filled with
buds of brightest hue,
Which must bloom them sometimes droop-
ing, lade ned with the evening dew;
But life is life, and men who live it, how
much better they than those
Who lay mouldering 'mid a darkness where
no light may kiss the rose.

When beneath a world of sorrow, be it grief
from sin most black,
Be it weariness that others lay unfeeling on
our back,
Bear it up the future's vista, to the skies that
distant beam,
In a new and purer ether, dreaming o'er
Hope's golden dream.

OLD MARTIN'S WHIM.

—OR—

The Fate of Years.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

XI.

The Doctor made up his mind to take his patient to see this lady, and if the identity could be established to do what he could to restore the father to the child.

"This afternoon I will call here with the carriage for you, and now good-day. Here, take this medicine. I will send you around a few bottles of wine."

The old man sat like one dazed, and buried his face in his hands. In a moment more he cried out piteously, grasping the Doctor's hand:

"Save me, I am dying."

"Nonsense, you are to be made young again. Cheer up. I will help you. Take a drop of this."

The Doctor held a glass of tonic to the old man's lips, and saw, with some trepidation, that he was succumbing under another nervous shock. And he prepared to use his best skill, and recuperate him, but he saw that there was no hope of his getting his patient out of town that day.

Enderly saw that the old man was sinking. Winthrop staggered across to the bed and fell upon it in a state of utter depression, as sudden as it was unaccountable. Of course, extreme old age, nervousness, fatigue, the excitement of a fancy and other causes, all tended to depress this poor patient of the Doctor's. Enderly ran to the back door of the cellar, opened it, and called upstairs:

"Hello there! Come down as quickly as you can, somebody!"

At first there was no reply, but upon the Doctor's knocking on the door, he succeeded in summoning Bob, Bessie's brother, who ran down stairs with something of a clatter.

"What's the matter, Doctor?" he asked.

"Matter—why grandpa's not well—that's all. Here, go as quick as you can, my boy, over to my office, and ask Joe, the colored man, to give you a bottle of wine for me. Tell him I'm over here, and that the old man is very low—indeed I fear the worst. And, Bob, if there are any patients there waiting for me, especially two ladies, a Mrs. Royer and a Mrs. Holbrooke, tell Joe to tell them not to wait, but to call again. Now, do you understand?"

"All right," muttered Bob, looking at the Doctor as he expected a further summons, and hesitating a little about the errand.

"Go at once," said Enderly, handing the boy a small coin.

That coin was an impetus. The boy darted up the cellar stairs as if he were escaping from some dreaded enemy, and clattered down the street.

The condition of Dr. Enderly's patient was something alarming. He was livid, motionless—almost breathless as he lay upon the bed, uttering at intervals a sort of feeble moan.

Where was Bessie? Why she had not responded to the Doctor's call, puzzled him. She had left the room not a moment before, and certainly should have been able to attend to old grandpa's wants.

"I'm more than ever sorry," said Enderly to himself, "that I ever bothered myself about this business at all. A miserable state of affairs, I am sure—an old lunatic, who is dying, thrust on me, and my business neglected in consequence. And all because I am charitable, have a good heart, and do what I can to help the poor, the sick, and the hopeless ones of earth. Well, I suppose it's my duty, but duty's a disagreeable word."

He sat by the side of his patient, and watched him narrowly. He sat for some time thus, with his cheek resting upon his palm, in a sort of reverie, and then he would take out his watch and look anxiously toward the cellar stairs, as in expectation of seeing his messenger returning.

After an indefinite interval, Bob re-appeared, and handing a bottle, wrapped in paper, to the Doctor, said breathlessly:

"There—I ran all the way, Doctor. Joe says the ladies is gone; he said their carriage drove away with them on board half an hour before I come."

"Did he say they would be back?" demanded Enderly.

"Joe didn't say," responded Bob. "He only grinned and asked me if I was working out, and I said yes. I told him I was 'prentice to a carpenter, but I only works off days. This is my day off."

"Well, that is all I want with you, Robert. If your sister happens to ask after grandpa, tell her he's not at all well. I'll wait here a while, and if I want you—but bye the bye, I do want you," continued the Doctor, taking out his memorandum book, and writing a prescription upon a leaf thereof, which he tore out. "Here, take this to the nearest druggist's, wait for it, and hurry them up, too, and then come as fast as you can back here."

"Don't you have to pay nothing for these here 'scriptions?" asked Bob.

"Yes," responded Enderly, with a faint smile. "I pay nothing, as far as this business is concerned, Robert. Now be quick. Go at once. What are you waiting for?"

"The money to pay for this 'scription," replied Bob, lingering.

"Never mind the money. Here—take this card; that will be enough."

The boy darted off again on his errand. Old Winthrop opened his eyes and gazed about him as if bewildered.

"Doctor!" he moaned.

"I'm here. What is it? Here, take a drop of this."

The Doctor opened the bottle of wine, poured out a glass full, and offered it to his patient.

Winthrop drained it off, and said:

"Is this the way you make me young, Doctor?"

"I am doing all I can. You must rest, you must not worry, you must give up thinking about your daughter."

"But I'm dying," he groaned—"dying. I feel my years upon me bowing me down. I am weak—helplessly weak—and there is my invention to finish. Oh, God, what shall I do? Make me young—oh, for the sake of your own existence, restore me to power. I am miserable without it. Look what I have to do!" exclaimed the old man, raising himself up and grasping the Doctor's arm. "Here are all my castings to be finished, all the bolts and screws of the machine to be procured. Then I have to go all over the world selling my invention, and all the world will buy it, I am sure; and thus I will, if I have strength, reap millions, and put great heaps of money in the bank, and give you plenty, and my dear little Bessie plenty, and the rest—the rest is for Carrie—my daughter; my dear, dear daughter."

"Yes, yes; you will be young again before long. How do you like the wine? Does it exhilarate you?"

"Yes, yes. I feel as if I could go to work. I feel as if I could get up and go to the Lane again, and try to see Carrie. Oh! if I could only see her."

"You shall see her," said Enderly. "I will take you out, as I said before, in my carriage; that is, if you are well enough to go, but you must rest now, rest is all important; you can do nothing without rest; you have taken a long journey; you have been excited and fatigued, and therefore you must rest. I cannot guarantee a rejuvenescence until you do so. You must obey my instructions; you must stay here and sleep, and must not worry yourself over anything. Take a holiday, Mr. Winthrop, for one day at least, and forget all about your invention and Carrie."

"Forget all about my invention and Carrie? How can I? When I sleep, I dream of her, and I dream of my success. I dream of so many pleasant, happy, blessed things. I do not care to dream. I have been dreaming all my life. I am so weak. I feel so faint. What shall I do? Give me more wine. That's it. I'm afraid I'm sinking—sinking."

"Humbug," replied the Doctor, as he took the glass from the lips of his patient, put it on the table, and looked curiously at the old man's face, you are good for fifty years yet."

"Fifty years!" darted in old Martin, looking at the Doctor with a stare.

"Yes, fifty years. You are younger than you were. Now go to sleep, let your slumbers be sound, and I will guarantee your recovery."

"Sleep, sleep. Never. I want you to rouse me up. Give me energy, for God's sake. Let me finish adjusting that brass eccentric on the wheel. I had it cast only yesterday. It needs polishing; I use emery; sometimes the file; a rivet of steel has to unite the wheel and the eccentric. The rivet ought to be fixed to-day, and then I complete the machine in less than a week. Let me do this, I say——"

Bob tumbled down stairs at this juncture, and handed the Doctor the medicine. Enderly took the vial, looked cautiously at the label, pulled out the cork, put the vial to his lips, tasted the contents, with his eyes closed as if in deep thought, and then said to Bob:

"Get some water—cold water, and another tumbler, or a glass—or anything."

"There's ice water upstairs."

"Good; then bring ice water, and a piece of ice, too."

The boy immediately ran up the back stairway.

As soon as he returned, Enderly poured a portion of the contents into the glass, and handed it to the old man, who touched his lips to it, and said:

"It is bitter."

"Yes, it is bitter, but it will make you young again."

"Let me drain it then, to the bitterest dregs," said old Martin, eagerly catching the glass and drinking the entire contents.

"Do you feel better already?"

"Yes."

"Strong and hearty?"

"No—weak in body—strong in head though, and I must to work."

The old man made a move to spring from the bed.

Enderly stayed him.

"Not so fast. You must rest. You must sleep."

"Rest—sleep," said the old man in a voice in which there was so much energy of tone as to startle the Doctor for a moment into believing that he had in fact created a rejuvenescence. "Rest—sleep. Ha, ha! Doctor, you mock me. Your medicine may do me good, but I doubt it. It does me some good, for it seems to give me warm blood, and that is something; but as for being young again, how is that to be effected? Am I to rest and do nothing—allow my invention to rust, and all the labor of days to pass for naught, while other inventors, younger than I am, and stronger, are getting ahead of me? No, no. It must not be. I must get up and go to work."

"You must not," said the Doctor peremptorily. "You have no business to do. If you rest, you are so much the stronger and abler when you resume work. For the present I prescribe rest—absolute rest."

"Is this a conspiracy?" cried Winthrop, his eyes flashing, and his aged body convulsed. "Tell me, Doctor, who are the evil spirits in league against me?"

"You are talking without thinking," replied Enderly, who was not a little nettled to observe that his medicine had not apparently taken effect, and that his old patient, instead of sleeping, was wider awake than ever.

"Am I? Thank you!" exclaimed the old man.

The Doctor thought: "Well, this is a case of actual mania, after all; but the old fellow seems to be game. He actually assumes you'th—believes it to be his by right, defies old age and death, and is in fact for the nonce victor over Time and Death. He has a terrible energy."

But just as he was considering how to prescribe for the over-excited brain of his patient, the medicine he had administered took effect, and old Martin sank back upon the bed, closed his eyes, and appeared again in a state of coma. Then he opened his eyes, gazed wildly about him, and said in a low voice:

"Doctor, before I die, let me see Carrie. Please do."

"Of course, if I can find her. But you are not dead yet, my friend."

"Yes—yes I am. I feel that I am dying, I feel the icy—the terrible sting of death. You know how old I am, and how I have suffered. You are able to read these signs. You have deceived me. You promised to make me young—to restore me to my daughter. God, you have deceived me, Doctor, for I am dying, and Carrie—my dear, dear Carrie, is lost to me forever—forever."

"Nonsense," said Enderly, "you are younger than ever. Your wrinkles are disappearing, and you are gaining strength. Do not reproach me, my friend. You cannot be made young in a day. It takes time, this rejuvenescence. You must have faith, and you mustn't over-exert yourself until you feel stronger. As for your invention——"

"Other men, younger and smarter than I am, will get ahead of me. That's what I'm afraid of."

"It's not likely, Mr. Winthrop. Stick at your work whenever you feel like it, and do what you can; but don't overwork yourself."

"I feel strong now," was the feeble reply, as the old man, falling back upon the bed, closed his eyes. "Ah, I feel so strong—so happy. Your medicine works, Doctor—it works. Now let me see my daughter."

"With pleasure," answered Enderly, to humor him. "She will visit you to-day."

"God be praised!"

"Keep a good heart, and all will yet be well."

"Thank God; but am I stronger, think you? Do I look stronger, and younger, and handsomer? Forty years ago there was not a better looking man in the city, and I dressed well, too, I assure you, Doctor."

"I have no doubt of it at all, Mr. Winthrop. But you are younger than you were in spirit, I think, if not in body."

"Oh, bother, I care not for that; let me get up and go to work. I have been abused by the hands—not of my daughter; Oh, no, dear Carrie—God forbid that she should injure me—but by her servants, her insolent servants."

"Yes—but go to sleep now. Forget that."

"How can I?"

"I tell you if you do not try to rest yourself no good can come of my services. If you do not care to obey me, why use your own discretion. I will go, and never return. You will have to send for some other doctor. I cannot waste my time here; you know that."

"Dear, dear Doctor!" cried Winthrop, clutching him by the coat and holding on to him more vehemently than before. "Do not leave me! do not leave me!"

"I will unless you take my advice. Go to sleep. When you awake you will be better able to work."

"Suppose I never awake?"

"Why of course you will awake. I know better than you do. I am a physician. I gave you medicine to make you sleep, and you ought to sleep; you will sleep or I will repeat the dose."

"I will sleep if you desire it, Doctor," said Winthrop, his head falling back on the pillow, and his eyes again closing. The medicine was taking effect. Then he murmured; "Wake me up if Carrie comes."

"Certainly," replied Enderly, as he saw at length his patient sinking into a complete slumber under the influence of the drug he had administered. And the young Doctor sat in reverie, and gazed at the sleeping old man as he had often done, and wondered by what change, or by what evil fate, he had been led into this strange quarter to minister to this most phenomenal old patient of his. "I cannot waste all my time in this business," he said to himself. "But I am curious to find out this fellow's history. He insisted that he saw his daughter at Lapton Lane. He is mad—and his madness is a species not down on the books, and therefore the more interesting. I will have him furnished with good quarters in my house next week, and he shall not live in a cellar if I can help it."

While the Doctor was thus engaged in weaving the woof and weft of thought respecting his patient, there was heard the clatter of horses feet, and the rumble of wheels in the little alley called Lavender street.

A carriage stopped at the door.

It was Mrs. Royer's splendid equipage!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FEMALE ORDERS OF DECORATION.

French women are so far less fortunate than their sisters in most other Continental countries, that there is no special "order" or "decoration" for women in France, and it is a very rare thing for a lady to be awarded the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. At the present time there are not more than four or five ladies who possess this distinction, and one of them is an Englishwoman. Those ladies who care for those signs of social distinction must regret that they did not live two hundred years ago, when, if they had been lucky enough to win the good graces of the Duchesse de Maine, they would have been able to sport the order of the "Honey-Fly." The witty Duchess, of the natural son of Louis XIV. and Mme. de Montespan, held a literary Court of her own at Sceaux, and exercised, with her courtiers, all her ingenuity in inventing, from time to time, some new diversion. It occured to her one day that she would institute an order of chivalry for both sexes, and call it the "Honey-Fly." The idea was taken from Tasso's line—"She's tiny, but she can inflict severe wounds," which had been applied to her on account of her diminutive stature and great powers of repartee. The distinctive mark of the order was a gold medal with the effigy of the foundress, and upon the reverse the line quoted above. The members of the order had the following oath: "I swear by the bees of Mount Hymettus obedience and fidelity to the foundress of the order. I swear that all my life long I will wear the order of the Honey-Fly, and obey the statutes. If I am false to my oath, may the honey become gall in my mouth, the wax tallow, the flowers nettles, and may wasps and hornets sting me." The costume of the order was a coat in cloth of gold, spangled with silver bees, for the chevaliers; and the ladies wore a robe of green satin, embroidered with silver bees, and a diadem of flies in emeralds. The institution of the order was a great success, and the fetes in celebration of it lasted many days at the Chateau de Sceaux, which was the residence of the Duc and Duchesse de Maine; but the order did not outlive its foundress, whose latter years were passed in serious study, and who had long ceased to wear her "decoration."

MEAT AND STRENGTH.—The yeomen of Elizabeth's reign, of whom it is boasted that they drew their bowstrings to their ears and sent a cloth-yard shaft whistling through a barn door at eighty yards, ate meat only about once a week and lived the rest of the time on bread and cheese.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

The various shops at present are filled with the most tempting variety of Fashion's latest novelties, fresh and radiant with all the charms with which she creates her tasteful fantasies for summer; and each one is so speakingly suggestive of the occasion for which it has been designed, that they really bring to one's mind pleasant visions of all the pleasures which come with the long sunny days of summer. One has but to glance at the "traveling dress," and one's thoughts wander through past journeys over mountain and valley, or brightens with pleasant anticipations of one to come. The dainty and graceful costumes of gauze, lawn and muslin bring up pictures of garden parties, and all the pleasant scenes to which the fashionable world wanders, either by the sea or in some cool leafy place.

Many of these diaphanous materials are being made into short costumes, and although at first it was supposed to be an impossibility to make them with that grace and style which make the attractive features of the long dress, Fashion seems to have overcome the difficulty, and some very charming effects have been produced.

A very costly fashion is surely gaining ground—that of making the accessories of each toilette to match. Thus an *elegante* has as many bonnets as she has dresses, also as many boots, shoes, gloves, stockings, and even parasols, all to accord. The new batiste dresses are sent home with a bonnet, the crown of which is batiste. These bonnets are either in the bebe style or of the round Louis XVI. style; the latter I prefer, for it is more rustic and more suitable to a cambric dress. I have seen a very pretty checked batiste dress. Fashion now gives her preference to checked batistes, but the squares are not even as in a chess board; they are irregular, as are to be seen in plaids. The costume was white, with cerise checks; the skirt was pleated; the tunic opened over it, and was fastened at the back with a large cerise bow; the trimming around the tunic being white and cerise embroidery. The hat was Leghorn straw, and a small batiste scarf, the same as the dress, was twisted around the crown *a la Creole*, and fastened at the back with a bouquet of seasonable flowers. The parasol, of batiste likewise, was trimmed with neither lace nor fringe—quite the new style; the lining is silk, and even the whalebone ribs are encased in silk. The long stick is of orange wood, and the handle is ornamented with a cerise and white bow. The Marquise parasols are quite out of date—I refer to those small sunshades, elaborately trimmed, the sticks of which were jointed in the centre and folded up. The Duchesse parasols are now the only variety seen, and are, in fact, a walking stick and parasol combined. The most economical to buy are those covered with striped silks of two or three colors, because they can be worn with several toilettes. For country use the ecru foulard remains the favorite, and likewise dark blue linen parasols trimmed with red and white Russian lace. The prettiest dressy parasol I have seen this season was white faille, embroidered all over in the Louis XVI. style with small baskets and wreaths of flowers. The handle was citron wood, with a Pompedour bow, and edging the parasol there was a row of superb old Mechlin lace.

A charming new fashion was inaugurated in Paris by the Princess of Wales on her recent visit. It is a headdress composed of a foulard fichu twisted around the head *a la Creole*, and worn somewhat at the back. The Princess first appeared in this original headdress made of red foulard, with a tuft of flowers at the side, and diamonds. I have since seen a charming selection of these headdresses *a la Creole* in pale pink and turquoise blue foulard, and in an oriental material striped with gold; also in neigeuse gauze baked with silky tufts. If an agrafe of gems is worn with this Creole cap, it is fastened at the side; if gold or jeweled pins are substituted, one pin is placed at each side.

One of our prominent modistes has designed recently a charming costume which can be worn with or without the train. The skirt is of fine woolen material trimmed in front with a cross band of striped foulard, while the train is lined with the striped foulard. The train is separate from the skirt, which is short and round, and on this is draped the train, or hooked on to buttons on the hips; but the charming effect is produced by the manner in which the fastenings or drapings are arranged, so as to show the foulard lining, looping up the centre of the back and bringing the sides over toward the back, which shows the lining in graceful folds. This model is very pretty when the skirt is of the striped material, the train of the plain and lined with the striped. The corsage is of the plain, and opens over a vest of the striped material.

Some of the most charming costumes, suitable for garden parties and general summer wear, are made of organdy printed in exquisite designs of clusters of flowers. One which I recently saw at Mr. Wanamaker's was made with a short skirt with a deep pleated flounce, in which two bands of Valenciennes lace were inserted; a wide lace of the same trimmed the edge; the back was draped exceedingly bouffant, and the bodice had a deep basque; and with it was a mantle of the same, bordered with pleatings edged with Valenciennes; the clusters of bows, which were in great number on the dress, were of cardinal lined with black.

Another stylish costume was of blue cambric, trimmed with ecru embroidery; the fichu was of ecru Valenciennes lace, and fastened at the side with a large rose; the bannot, of Tuscan straw, was simply trimmed with a large Alsatian bow of blue ribbon.

Now that really warm weather has come fichus and cardinal capes are taking the place of mantelets. The capes barely reach to the elbow, and are quite straight round some are of black Sicilienne, with plaitings of French lace; others are of black cashmere, richly embroidered all over, and edged with rows of deep, full coposu fringe. China crepe is a good material for a fichu, because when knotted it hangs gracefully; some of these are trimmed with French lace and insertion, others with jet fringe and embroidery. The Marie Antoinette fichus are of black Sicilienne, usually bordered with French lace.

Indian pongee dresses are again worn, and frequently made with a yoke bodice, belt, a short skirt bordered with plaiting, and a scarf over-skirt, in which open lace insertion is let in, and the edge is finished off with lace. Crossbands of silk to match, piped with scarlet or blue, also serve for trimmings; but the handsomest have gay embroideries on Jacqueminot red with pale blue, or else olive green with pink, blue, or cardinal. Traveling cloaks, or rather dust cloaks, are made with ponges; they are cut with double-breasted front, long Princesse back, and Carrick capes. They are cool, do not hold dust, and rain does not spoil them.

A word as to millinery. There is no doubt whatever that in this the chief feature will be a revival of picturesque forms from old paintings. I have seen a charming copy of a Charles II. model of a Leghorn hat, with tolerably wide brim, turning downwards, a wreath of many flowers of all kinds outside, a half wreath of roses beneath. Others of not unsimilar forms have three upstanding ostrich feathers in front.

The large bonnets which milliners are trying to introduce for summer wear are called "Incroyable," and are copies of bonnets worn during the French Revolution. The crown is square, the brim wide, the strings cross the crown, pass over the brim, holding it down on the sides, and are tied beneath the chin. Either a bouquet of flowers or a panache of short feathers that curl toward the front, is placed at the top. The favorite Alsatian bow, instead of being fastened at the top of the bonnet, is frequently placed in the centre of the crown, above the curtain band.

Our Fireside Chat.

[Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.]

An original way to utilize cigar boxes is to nail four together, forming a cross, leaving a square space in the centre. Under this square nail a piece of board, so that it forms a square box in the centre of the four long ones. Nail little supports, in the form of short legs, to the bottom of the four boxes, or use round ball buttons of gilt, so that the whole thing is raised from the ground. Paint all the boxes black, and add lines of gold and red; then plant ferns or flowers, one in the centre and others in the four cigar boxes, and you have a very pretty table ornament. No one looking at it would have an idea of what composed the pretty floral receptacle. Painted dark brown and varnished they also look well. If black is used, get Japan varnish, for it is easy to work with.—*An Old Friend of the Post.*

The suggestions of an "Old Subscriber" for concealing the fireplace in summer, were very good; and particularly the fan, which I made by cutting the ribs of the fan of stiff cardboard as many as will make a half circle when the fan is open, but graduating them in length, making them shorter towards the ends. I covered each one with fine linen and embroidered a little trailing vine on the face of each rib, so a cluster of flowers was formed at the top of each rib. The ribs are united by ribbon strung in and out, finished off with a rosette. Instead of the embroidery the small scrap pictures pasted on have a very pretty effect. The ribs should be shaped wider at the top than at the bottom. At the lower part it looks very well to fasten a colored lining, which would show through between the narrow part of the ribs; then paste the pictures on the wide parts of the ribs only.—*Constant Worker.*

Scotch Scones.—The answer to Lassie's inquiry was very good, but I think she will find the following more like the genuine Scotch scones:

One pound flour, one teaspoonful carbonate of soda, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, one pint buttermilk, or as much as will make it of the consistency of common dough; roll it out an inch thick, cut with a tumbler, put it on the griddle, and fire slowly. 2. The flour must be brown, without any of the fine taken; seven pounds flour, two ounces carbonate of soda, one ounce tartaric acid, to be mixed with milk and baked in a quiet oven. The quantities in this last one are large, but it was given by a Scotch baker. They are particularly nice for breakfast.—*Old Scotch Lady.*

Pot Pourri.—As variety in recipes is always acceptable, I send the following, although the directions you published in answer to Rosalie's inquiry were very good:

Three handfuls of orange flowers, three of clove pinks, three of damask rose leaves, three of carnations, one of marjoram, one of lemon thyme, one of rosemary flowers, one of lavender, six bay leaves, the rind of a lemon, and one-half ounce cloves. Chop them all, and put them in layers with pounded bay salt between each. If all the above flowers, etc., cannot be got at once, put them in as you get them, always throwing in bay salt with every new ingredient. Musk is sometimes added. The pot must be kept covered.

Roman Pudding.—A clergyman's wife kindly sends the following recipe for a nice economical way of cooking up cold beef, mutton, or chicken:

Boil some macaroni till quite tender, mince the meat, adding some bread crumbs, and seasoning to taste, with pepper, salt, butter and a little lemon juice. Make a pie crust and line a pudding dish; then put layers of the mince and macaroni until the dish is full, cover with the pie crust and bake in the oven.

Sally Lunn Pudding.—I noticed an inquiry from Essex, N. J., for recipes for some good puddings. Has she ever tried the one I send?

Cut out a piece from the under side of the cake so as not to injure the upper crust, replace it, and let the cake soak for three hours in boiling milk in a basin that will just hold it. Mix one egg, well beaten, with a glass of wine and a little spice and sugar. Having removed the piece of cake previously cut, stir in these ingredients, still being careful not to break the crust, replace the piece, put some butter on the basin, fill it up with bread crumbs, and boil three-quarters of an hour.—*Fannie.*

St. Honore of Gooseberries.—As this is the season for gooseberries, the following will be found a very delicious way of using them:

Make a stiff short paste with flour, butter, eggs, and water; roll it out flat, cut out a round about six inches in diameter and place it on a baking sheet. Make some *chour* paste as follows: Put about a pint of water into a saucepan, with a few grains of salt, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and as much sugar, with plenty of grated lemon peel. When the water boils, throw gradually into it sufficient flour to make a thick paste; then take it off the fire, let it remain ten minutes, and work into it three or four eggs. When cold put this paste into a biscuit bag, and press out a roll of it all round the disc of short paste, uniting the two ends neatly together. Then on another baking sheet press out a number of balls the size of a walnut, put the two sheets into a moderate oven until the paste is baked to a good color. Then stick with white of egg all these balls on the top of the roll of *chour* paste quite close together. In the case so prepared place a layer of stewed gooseberries, and over it some whipped cream well heaped up in the centre. The roll and border of *chour* paste may, or not, be glazed with sugar at the time of baking.—*Good Cook.*

Lemon-Water Ice and Pine-Apple Ice.—During the warm summer weather there is nothing so delicious as fruit ices or frozen fruit, and pine-apples especially, so I send a variety of recipes for preparing them, and hope they will be found acceptable:

Lemon-Water Ice.—Half a pint of lemon juice, and the same of water, to which put one pint of syrup, the peels of six lemons rubbed off on sugar; strain, mix and freeze. Then mix up the whites of three eggs to a strong froth, with a little sugar. When the ice is beginning to set, work this well into it, and it will be very soft and delicious.

Pine-Apple Ice.—1. Take one pound of fresh pine-apple, half a pint of syrup in which pine has been preserved, two or three slices of pine-apple cut in small dice, and the juice of three lemons. Pound or grate the pine-apple, pass it through a sieve, mix, and freeze. 2. Take eight ounces of preserved pine-apple, four slices cut in small dice, one quart of cream, the juice of three lemons, and sufficient syrup from the pine to sweeten it. Pound the preserved pine, mix the lemons with the cream, and freeze. 3. Take half a pint of pine syrup, one pint of water, the juice of two lemons. Cut the pine in pieces, and put it into a stewpan with the syrup and water, and boil until tender; pass it through a sieve, add the lemon juice, with two or three slices of the pine cut in small dice. Mix, and freeze when cold. All these may be made with preserved fruit as well as fresh fruit.—*An Old Friend of the Post.*

Cream Turlets.—I think the lovers of sweet cakes will be pleased with the following recipe: Make a short paste with one white and three yolks of eggs, one ounce of sugar, one ounce of butter, a pinch of salt, and sufficient flour; work it lightly; roll it out to the thickness of a quarter of an inch. Line some patty pans with it, fill them with uncooked rice to keep their shape, and bake them in a moderate oven till done. Remove the rice, and fill the tartlets with jam or with stewed fruit, and on the top put a heaped spoonful of whipped cream.—*Sweet Tooth.*

Cheese Tarts.—Although you have published some very good recipes for using cheese, I think mine will be an acceptable addition. Make a paste with 1 oz. of butter, 2 oz. flour, the yolk of an egg, a little water, a pinch of salt, roll it out to the thickness of an eighth of an inch, and line some patty pans with it. Take 2 oz. of finely grated Parmesan cheese, beat it up in a bowl with the yolks of two eggs, add pepper, salt, cayenne and nutmeg, according to taste—very little of the two latter; then work in three tablespoonfuls of cream, fill each patty pan with the mixture, and bake them in a moderate oven till done.—*Bucks County.*

I would like to receive some suggestions for getting up a country fair, in which fancy costumes may be worn.—*Country Girl.*

Will you kindly publish my inquiry for suggestions which will help me get up a Mother Goose party, the various characters and dresses suitable for each one.—*Ignoramus.*

Suggestions wanted for pretty style of fire screen, not scrap pictures, but easy style of embroidery.—*Down South.*

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.

M. H. (Rock, Minn.)—There is no particular finger on which to wear a ring that is merely a pledge of friendship.

P. P. L. (Makanda, Ill.)—The date usually ascribed to the prophecy known as Mother Shipton's is from 1486 to 1487.

E. L. (Pierce, Wis.)—A lady of thirty cannot be considered too old to study music, especially when she has a natural taste for it.

C. H. G. (Barnstable, Mass.)—You should refer to some old almanac or to the three newspapers to ascertain on what day of the week a particular date fell 18 years ago.

DURHAM, (Baltimore, Md.)—We should argue from the gentleman's behavior that he was disposed to pay his addresses to you; and as his sisters court your society, it is evident they feel convinced that his intentions are honorable.

S. S. TEACHER, (Bath, Ky.)—"The Lives of the Saints." "St. Fafraxla belonged to a convent of 130 nuns, not one of whom ever washed her feet, as cleanliness—in that respect at least—was thought by them to be an unholy pampering of the flesh.

G. O. (Gay, Ind.)—There are several editions of the "Irish Melodies," the original—by Sir John Stevenson, over-charged with accompaniment and too much tortured with church harmonies—is perhaps the worst of all. Inquire at the leading music stores.

ALBERT, (Calhoun, Ala.)—To become an actor, you must take lessons of an elocutionist, or else practice with an amateur dramatic corps. But it is a profession that is full of struggles, disappointments, heart-burnings and annoyances for the beginner.

A. (Searcy, Ark.)—The phrase should be, "To-morrow will be Saturday;" not "To-morrow is Saturday." The verb is in of the present tense and should not therefore be used in speaking of the future. When two or more persons are signing a deed they are setting their "hands and seals," not their "hand and seal."

P. S. A. (Weakley, Tenn.)—A gentleman should rise from his chair when another gentleman advances to shake hands with him; but a lady need not rise to a gentleman. It is not consistent with etiquette to inquire after a person's relations when they are totally unknown to you.

J. (Warren, Mo.)—There is no particular age at which a girl is supposed to have proper discretion and be lawfully chargeable for her own acts. The sentence is too vague to answer in a positive manner, because all intellects are not alike, and some persons have more common sense at fifteen years old than others have at twenty.

G. H. O. (New York, N. Y.)—Tapioca is a product of the root of the Cassava plant, largely used in South and Central America as an article of food. It is obtained by steeping the roots in water and then expressing the juice. A starch is deposited by the juice, and this starch after washing, cleansing, and being heated on hot plates, becomes the tapioca of commerce.

E. P. (Hampden, Mass.)—The manner in which you should commence a letter to a lady depends upon your position towards her. If she is simply an acquaintance, you should address her as "Madam," whether she be married or single. From this general starting point you can increase the familiarity and endearingness of your epithets according to circumstances.

F. (Baltimore, Md.)—You have but one course consistent with propriety to adopt, and your own proper sense of pride ought also to suggest the same mode of behavior, namely: to discard the volatile young gentleman from your thoughts, and avoid as much as possible the chance of meeting him. But if you should happen to meet, you should meet him as a stranger.

ADELE, (Sheboygan, Wis.)—America—that is the United States—has no patron saint. St. Denis, the patron saint of France, was put to death with some companions in the year 272, upon an eminence near Paris, since called—from the circumstance—Montmartre (Mons Martyrorum). According to the legend his head had no sooner been cut off than the body rose, and taking up the head walked with it two miles.

D. (Phila., Pa.)—Playing cards were invented for Charles VI., of France, who had fallen into a melancholy condition. The four suits represented the four classes in the kingdom, namely: Hearts, the ecclesiastics; spades, the nobility and military; diamonds, the merchants; clubs, the husbandry. The kings represent the four nations: The Jews, by David; Greeks, by Alexander; Romans, by Cæsar; Franks, by Charles. The queens represent: Agnes, beauty, Esther, piety; Judith, fortitude; Bella, wisdom. Knaves, or Jacks, servants to the kings and queens.

SANS WESTERN, (Warren, N. Y.)—Utopia is a word derived from the Greek, and signifies "Nowhere" (ou topos,) or "beautiful place." (eu topos.) More first used it to designate his model state, and judged it to be located among the Atlantic isles. From this fiction the term Utopianism is used to denote theoretical or imaginary schemes and places. The Republic of Plato was, in like manner, situated in the happy regions of the west—even beyond the Hesperides Islands. There may have been in the days of Plato some knowledge of the American archipelago, and here his republic arose and flourished.

F. H. (Cayuga, N. Y.)—According to the old proverb "Exchange is no robbery," so if your lover sends you a pair of gloves and you send him a pair in return, the only difference between you will be the price you each pay; but when gentlemen go to a glover's, they are generally charged 25 per cent. more for the articles they purchase than a lady would pay, so you would certainly come off best in the battle of purses. Take this as a hint to follow out when you become a wife and your husband makes you a present of a new dress; declare that if the money had been given to you, you could have purchased it cheaper.

PEDDER, (Muskingum, Ohio.)—You will find that there are adulterations in nearly all liquor. American champagne—often passed off for the French article—is said to be made by the addition of sugar and carbonic gas to the wine or juice of the grape after the first fermentation. The wine, say four months old, comes from California in casks. The sugar is put in the bottom of empty casks, transfer the wine to these casks; roll the casks so as to dissolve and mix the sugar; then draw off the wine; impregnate with carbonic acid gas, and bottle it. Thus made it is stated that not two persons in every hundred could distinguish it from the French champagne.

AUTHOR, (Keokuk, Iowa.)—The subject has been treated of. Almost all the nursery stories are universal in some form or other. That of "Whittington and His Cat" is no exception. It has been well known in Persia for centuries. It was imported into Europe much about the same time as others of which the Italian writers Boccaccio, Sachetti, etc., availed themselves. There is an old Hungarian tradition to the same effect; both were doubtless derived from the same source. In these instances the story is of course unconnected with any English worthy; and we do not believe it was applied to Sir Richard Whittington until late in the reign of Elizabeth, when some such man as Richard Johnson, author of the "Seven Champions," converted the tale to his own purposes.

JAWELLER, (Bridesburg, Phila.)—The first clock on record—which in accuracy of movement and simplicity of construction approached the clocks of the present time—was made for Charles the V. of France, by Henry de Vick, in 1370. The representation of this, however, still extant, shows that its movements were produced by a vibrating balance instead of a spring or pendulum, the latter of which was not invented until three centuries later. This important invention, like most inventions of value, is a matter of dispute; but like many other useful discoveries it was probably made by various persons independently, and almost simultaneously, when the state of science had become ripe for it. But there is no recorded time of its use before the discovery of Galileo at Florence, in 1582, by observation of a swinging chandelier in the cathedral.

ICHORAMUS, (Newville, Pa.)—1. Toe nails sometimes thicken and even cease to grow in length from being compressed in boots too short for the feet—they should be cut and otherwise attended to at intervals. 2. For corns the following treatment has been recommended by good authority: After soaking the feet in warm water for a few minutes pare the corns as close as possible with a sharp knife, taking care not to make them bleed. Then touch them with a little lunar caustic. Repeat the application every three or four days for a fortnight, accompanied by the use of soft easy shoes, and a cure will be generally effected. Soft corns may be removed by applying ivy leaf previously soaked in strong vinegar, changing the piece every morning; or by placing a dressing of soap-cerate, spread on a bit of lint or old rag, between the toes.

STUDENT, (Venango, Pa.)—Your best course would be to get some good commentary on the Bible. Many true gems perchance have doubted whether the Babylonians were guilty of such extreme cruelty as to cast persons alive into a burning, fiery furnace, as in the case of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, mentioned by Daniel (iii. 26,) but they are strangely forgetful of innumerable fiery martyrdoms, very much more slow in their torture and therefore more cruel, than the seven times heated furnace of Babylon. A well known and careful writer, Mr. H. F. Talbot, has discovered ample proof in the Assyrian writings that both this punishment and that of throwing men alive into a den of lions, as Daniel was treated, were in common use at Babylon during the reign of Assurbanipal, who preceded Nebuchadnazzer on the throne by less than 20 years. Nabuzaradan, even the younger brother of Assurbanipal, having risen in rebellion against his sovereign, and having failed in the attempt, was not spared by his angry brother, the mode of punishment according to the records, being almost identical with that of Daniel.

DECATUR, (Vernon, Wis.)—On the contrary genius as a rule does not "like out or exhaust itself early." History contains many striking instances of the display of great intellect in advanced life. Sophocles composed one of his finest tragedies—the "Œdipus at Colonus"—when he was nearly ninety. Æschylus, at seventy-three, wrote his "Orestes." Simonides gained in his eightieth year the crown of victory over all competitors by his "Dithyrambic Chorus." Pindar, the greatest of lyric poets, wrote with undiminished powers till past eighty. Met